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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE ANGELS OF AUTUMN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CARRIE MYER.

The halo touches of the angel hands
Are deep'ning, bright'ning over all our lands,
As on they float, in serious pensive bands,

Yet full of life and joy and goodly cheer;
Their way is rife with blessings far and near,
Their voice of prophecy is sweet and clear,

Of flowers that from the dust shall spring again,
Of sunshine after winter clouds and rain,
Of rest and gladness after toil and pain!

Along the silent hills they softly float
From the blue battlements where first the note
Of Spring's loud trumpet pealed o'er plains remote.

I see the trailing of their amber wings,
I hear the earnest song that each one sings,
Through all the woods how every echo rings!

At morn and eve low in the vales they fly,
In many-colored robes they pass us by,
We catch the gleaming of each starry eye

In network tracery of pearly frost,
That jewel leaf and stream, (at Summer's cost!)
Where'er their silver-sandalled feet have crost'd.

To them the southern clime its glory yields!
Bear they no darkness from the sanguine fields
Where but death's weapons fierce the warrior wields?

Ah, yes! the autumn angels sadly bow
Beneath the cares that cloud the statesman's brow,—
The grief that wrings so many heartstrings now

Has dimmed the brightness of their crowns of gold;
Their shining robes have many a sable fold,
And bitter draughts are in the cups they hold.

But still they bring the hope of days to be,
When victor shouts shall speak a nation free,
And war and wrong no more our eyes shall see!

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOURNEY.

They passed the ancient boundary of the two states, and continued their route in silence. The journey was long. They saw first Laval, ancient fief of Tremoille; Mayenne, which gave its name to one of the Guises; Alencon, an appanage of one of the royal family of France. In each of these towns they stopped some time to rest their horses. Then they started again in haste. "Where can we be going?" demanded Jude now and then. But not aloud. If it pleased Nicholas Treml to be silent as to the object of the journey, it was not Jude's business to find out the secret. His uncertainty, however, was not to last long. They traversed Mortagne, then Verneuil, then Dreux; and on the morning of the sixth day, they passed through the gilt grate of the park of Versailles.

Versailles was already abandoned, but its white marble steps had still the brilliant lustre of the days of its glory. Statues, colonnades, antique urns, rich pediments, preserved the splendor which they had in the last reign. The widowhood of the royal city had as yet been so short. The sand of its walks, did it not still retain the traces of the satin slippers and of the high heels, vermilion-tinted, like the cheeks of a coquette? Were there not still the flowers in vases, the love-ciphers on the bark of the trees, the jets of crystal water in the laughing mouths of the bronze naiads? The pomp and the elegance in their bloom? Alas, the widowhood has been too long for that. The flowers are withered; bronzes and marbles have assumed the austere beauty of the works of another age; no more the songs, the gladness, the waving plumes of courtiers, the little shoes of duchesses. All have gone.

Nicholas Treml and his equerry, however, were not of the sort, it must be confessed, to occupy themselves much with sculpture or water-works. They hastened forward, throwing a careless look on all these gods of paganism that smiled, played on the flute, or danced, crowned with grapes; and after travelling some hours, they found themselves on the river Seine.

"Is Paris far off, now?" demanded Nicholas Treml of a wagman, who, mounted on his mule, took the lower part of the causeway. The townsman turned, and stretched his arm towards the east. Treml, following this gesture, saw on the horizon a luminous point. It was the gold of the dome of the Invalids, which threw from it the rays of the rising sun.

"Courage, friend," said he to Jude, "behold the end of our pilgrimage."

Jude replied, "It is well."

If their horses could have spoken, doubtless they would have manifested their satisfaction in a manner more explicit.

On entering the city, Nicholas Treml had pointed out to him the palace of the Regent, and urged on his steed to get there as fast as possible. A kind of fever seemed to master him. Jude followed step by step. The figure of the faithful servant betrayed now a strong curiosity. What in the name of wonder could his lord want with the Regent? Treml dismounted at the gate of the Palais Royal. He wished to enter; the valets barred the passage against him.

"Go tell your master, Philip of Orleans, that Nicholas Treml wishes to speak with him."

The valets looked at the gothic costume of the old gentlemen, which could scarcely be seen through a thick layer of dust, and turned their backs, bursting with laughter. The most courteous of them replied, but with somewhat of a contemptuous lip,

"The Prince is at his castle of Villers-Cotterets."

Treml sprang into his saddle again.

"Which of you will guide me thither!"

The attendants of the Regent redoubled their disdainful laughter.

"My brave man," cried one, "people of your stamp are never admitted into the castle of Villers-Cotterets."

"It is some peasant of the Danube whose daughter the Prince has run off with," chuckled a footman. "Rather," quoth another, "the Picardy husband of some pretty damsel." "It is Virginius." "It is Menelaus."

Jude put his hand on the guard of his great sword, but his master restrained him with a gesture, and turned his bridle; the next insult came too late and was not heard. Treml halted at a hostelry which carried the arms of Brittany for its sign. Not taking time to pull off his boots, he asked the host to get him a guide who would lead him to Villers-Cotterets without delay. The astonishment of Jude was at the highest point. His curiosity, ebbing back, stifled him. At last he could hold no longer.

"Sir," quoth he, timidly, "you have then a great longing to see Philip of Orleans?"

"You ask me, do you?" cried Nicholas Treml, with energy.

This reply carried the surprise of Jude beyond all bounds.

"May I die," said he, speaking to himself, "if I can guess what my master wishes with the Regent."

Nicholas overheard him, seized his arm, and said:

"I wish to kill him."

Jude was wroth with himself at not divining a thing so natural.

"Excellent," quoth he.

He had regained his habitual tranquillity of spirit. At that moment mine host reappeared with a guide.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOREST OF VILLERS COTTERETS.

The magnificent pleasure-house of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, had that day an aspect even more joyous than usual. The palfreys were standing in full trim around coaches ready for use. Saddle-horses pawed the ground, as though calling for their masters; a whole army of pages, couriers, and lackeys in brilliant liveries encumbered the landing of the grand staircase. The Regent was still at table. This Prince, whose interregnum has furnished so many subjects for gay ballads and licentious romances, had not at all the royal manners of his elders of Bourbon. From the ostentatious tastes of Louis XIV., he had made a mean choice, limiting his passions to two: the table and the boudoir. His court was an orgie; stains of wine were on the lace of his favorites; he perhaps, the only French Prince whose fitting place would have been on the boards, badly attended, of one of the minor theatres. Louis XV. had his faults, as every one knows; but at least drunkenness never made him stumble and fall in the gutter.

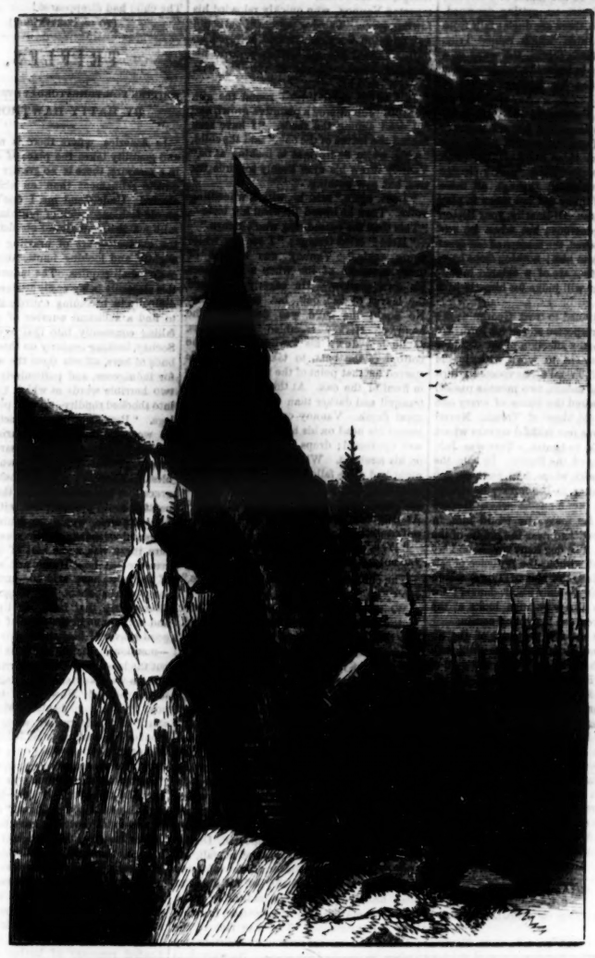
The regency was a good time for the game of the crown-forests. Philip of Orleans never hunted; he preferred much, for good reason, the soft cushions of a coach, to the horse-hair and leather of the saddle.—His promenades came usually after drinking, and on these occasions he had, too often, great need of a back to his seat in his chariot. Everything must have an end. Even his repast. Courtiers and ladies fair came sweeping down, in billowy velvets and satins, the grand staircase of the Castle. All were, as you may suppose, in marvellous good humor. There was not a rosy mouth there which did not bud into an exciting smile; not a powdered peruke which did not oscillate pleasantly, while its owner lisped a bon mot, or shot off a love speech as he kissed the perfumed glove of some fair one. There was such delicious prattling; a confused medley of Marquises and Viscounts, who evidently by no means shrunk from the best wines. The frills were rumpled a good deal; the elegant vests stained with the grape juice; the head-dresses out of sorts; but morality did not need to blush; for the Reverend William Dubois, abbe of I don't know how many abbeys, and who was already talked of as Cardinal-Expectant, sanctified by his presence this lovely religion of eating, drinking and gallantry.

Madame de Carnavalet, who had had the honor to be distinguished by the Regent for thrice twenty-four hours, was the first to mount her coach. This was the signal. The equipages were set off with charming faces; the saddle-horses pranced under their cavaliers; the grand gate of the court-yard opened. Philip of Orleans had not yet taken his place in his coach. He was testing a magnificent horse which had been sent him by Queen Anne of England, a present which he valued chiefly on account of its British origin, for the Regent was English in his heart.

All historians agree in saying that he had a fine face; indeed his portraits prove it.—When he wished to lay aside his abandoned manners, and the style of a merry profligate, one could detect in him the descendant of Kings, and the figure of a Prince. To-day, being in a gallant humor, he threw himself into the saddle with elegance, and forthwith the cavalcade moved on.

Between the savage forest of Rennes, and the thickets artistically pierced of Villers-Cotterets, there was an evident contrast. There were still here deep woods with thick umbrage, oaks soaring high, wide forestry, in which an army might lose its way, but the hand of man made itself felt everywhere. It is well for grounds to be in the hand of a Prince as his domain. When he can spend money on them without stint, nature assumes shape and adornment without losing aught of rural splendor. At times the spacious alleys wheeled round in capricious windings, as if wishing to suit every one's pleasure; sometimes they ran straight on, till lost to view, in double ranges of mighty trunks, looking like an immense colonnade supporting a vault of verdure. Between the two places, it must be admitted, the advantage did not remain with Brittany. The forest of Rets abounded in admirable situations.—In descending the shady paths which led to the valley, you could not but think of an earthly paradise; when you regained the heights the horizon stretched out afar, and acquired that largeness of extent which is almost always wanting in Breton landscapes. Besides, the poor forest of Rennes could oppose only some obscure gentlemen's residences, or the nameless belfry of a village church, to the royal castle built by the house of Valois, and to the noble Abbey of Premontre.

The cavalcade had left the Avenue of Villers-Cotterets about an hour; it advanced slowly; the gentlemen caracoled at the doors of the carriages which rolled on noiselessly over the sward of the alleys. Philip of Orleans talked with Madame de Carnavalet, who looked at the handsome Mr. de Nancre at the other window. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, two horsemen appeared, and placed themselves in the middle of the way as if to block up the passage. They were two men of high stature and athletic



"Sugar Loaf Rock," Solid Lime Stone, Eighty Feet High, Island of Mackinac, Lake Huron.

We published last week a striking view on the Island of Mackinac, Lake Huron—erroneously printed Michigan. For the above additional scene we are also indebted to the N. Y. Illustrated Paper. Sugar Loaf Rock is a singular formation of lime-stone, 80 ft. in height.

London. Their costume, for an old man of the epoch, was gay, to say the least. The elder of these two unknown personages looked like a peasant mounted on a mule, and dressed in cloth.

"Which of them is Philip of Orleans?"

The peasant pointed out the Prince and made off with himself. The unknown galloped right up to the Regent, who drew back instinctively, and put his hand on his sword. The countess, for an instant paralyzed with surprise, threw themselves before their master. Madame de Carnavalet, who had at first thought of fainting, took courage to take a good look at the man.

"Who are you?" demanded the Regent, after the first moment of silence.

"I am Nicholas Treml of Tremleyr, seigneur of Boixeix in Forez."

"And what do you want?"

"To fight in single combat with the Regent of France."

These strange words were pronounced in a tone grave and firm, free from all rhodomontade. A mute smile came to the lips of the courtiers. The ladies were deeply interested; they looked on this as on a sort of peripatetic drama. Everything becomes a play to some women. It was in fact a singular spectacle, these two men, remains of another age, but remains vigorous, menacing and intrepid, in the midst of these effeminately faced minions; these long swords with iron guards, amidst these rapiers fit only for parade; these doublets of thick cloth, void of ribbons and drapery, in the midst of all that gold and all that velvet. You would have said that the Brittany of the fifteenth century had come forth from the tomb, to demand a ransom for its conquest from the great-nephews of its conquerors.

Philip of Orleans had felt at first a movement of inquietude, but ten gentlemen meanwhile got between him and the old Breton. He forgot his momentary alarm.

"This man is crazy," said he, laughing; "he will frighten our ladies. Let some one chase him away!"

The order was explicit, but the rapier of our friend was long. The gentlemen were in no hurry to attack him. The old hero took off slowly his glove of buffalo skin that could not have weighed less than a pound.

"This must be put an end to," murmured the Regent, impatiently.

"It must be put an end to," repeated Nicholas Treml, gravely. "They told me that the Bourbon blood was heroic, but fame is false, I see. Philip of Orleans, Regent of France, for the second time, I challenge thee to combat." Thus saying Treml drew his sword. The gentlemen did the same. The ladies found the comedy going on to a wish. "Be witness," continued Nicholas, with high and solemn voice; "not being able to accuse the King, who is a child, I accuse the Regent of France, for holding in servitude the province of Brittany, which has a right to be free. To prove the truth of what I say, I make offer to combat to the outrance and without mercy. If God suffers me to fall, Brittany will have lost but one of her children; if I am conqueror, she will recover her legitimate privileges."

"A combat in the lists," murmured the courtiers, who were not too far off to share in the amusement of the adventure; "a duel between his Royal Highness and Mr. Nicholas. The idea is worth something."

The Regent laughed not. As for the ladies, struck with the romantic side of the adventure, they admired meanwhile the austere visage of the old man, and took sides with his white beard.

"Well," Nicholas Treml said once more, while his eye blazed with indignation—"Regent of France, do you not answer?"

A profound silence followed these words. Every one had a presentiment of some extraordinary event. At the moment when the Regent opened his mouth to order definitely his gentlemen to remove the old Breton, the latter anticipated him and turned towards his squire.

"Make these men stand back," said he, coldly. Jude drove his robust horse into the middle of the throng of courtiers, who, forced back with irresistible vigor, threw themselves to the right and left. For a single moment Philip of Orleans and Nicholas Treml found themselves face to face. This short space of time was sufficient for the old man, who, lifting his massive buffalo glove, struck the Regent with it full in the face, and cried with a resounding voice: "For Brittany."

Thirty swords threatened his breast at the same moment. The ladies might well faint. The result had surpassed all expectation. On receiving this intolerable outrage Philip of Orleans turned pale. He put his hand to his sword and flung himself towards the

confusion. Jude he poised midway. Anger has little hold on a nature in which the head completely rules the heart. He turned to-ward Nicholas Cazenavlle, who appeared as if she were dead, and made as though he were aiding her. Meanwhile a fight, the issue of which could not be long doubtful, took place between the two Bretons and the retinue of his Royal Highness. The French gentlemen, who, though very chivalrous, yet retained their native generosity, tried to disarm their adversaries and not to slay them. In a few seconds Nicholas Tremi was thrown from his horse and bound under a tree. He said not a word, and remained, with haughty head, before his vanquishers. Jude had still his sword; he was surrounded on all sides, but not vanquished. Treml, judging it in vain to prolong the contest, gave him from the distance a sign. Immediately Jude threw his weapon at the feet of his foes, who instantly secured him. At that moment a grief bitter and sudden passed over the features of the old gentleman, who, till then, had retained the appearance of a stoical calmness. A recollection was passing across his soul; he had seen George smiling in his cradle. Up to that moment his extraordinary hope had sustained him. He had expected to force the Regent to descend into the arena, and to try against him, sword in hand, the destinies of Brittany. He had counted on the last insult; deeming that prince, gentlemen before aught else, would have no way of avenging an outrage other than by the judgment of God. Now he was enlightened. The fever was gone. As is happens always after a defeat, a thousand sinister thoughts pressed on his brain. He felt increasing in his heart a doubt touching the sincerity of his relative, Hervey Vannoy; and this doubt grew stronger and stronger, till it became terrible as a certainty. He thought he heard the voice menacing and remote of the poor Albino, a voice that told him of the ruin of his race. He threw a discouraged look towards Jude, and repented of having made him give up his sword.

"Seize your weapon again, my man," he cried; "pass over the body of these fops, and go to watch over the child."

Jude obeyed, of course; a powerful effort freed him from the hands that held him, but the crowd increased; the valets and the grooms joined the others. Jude was borne to the earth. In falling, he turned toward his master, his eyes full of a respectful sadness. "I can do no more," he murmured, as if wishing to apologize for a disobedience.

Treml bent his head. "Poor George," said he. "Let God punish me, and have pity on him."

Madame de Carnavalet, judging her faint to be sufficiently prolonged, gathered her wits together; the Regent gave the signal for return. The whole way, he showed the most delightful gayety. Only, while mounting the stairway of the castle, he bent to the ear of the abbe Dubois, and pronounced the name of the Bastile. It was the arrest of Treml, and of honest Jude, his equerry.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUARDIANSHIP.

Some hours after the strange battle which we have chronicled, Treml and his equerry were shut up in the Bastile. We may well suppose that the old Breton had reflections and enough when he crossed the doorway of the accursed fortress. As for Jude, it can with truth be said, that he did not reflect at all; and whatever were his master's secret regrets, Nicholas Treml was too proud and too stout-hearted to let them show themselves on his countenance. He mounted the dark stairs of the Bastile in silence, and entered his dungeon with a head as high, with a look as calm, as though he had been ascending the grand saloon of the castle of Tremlays. Once only the old gentleman gave way to despair. He accused himself of having abandoned George, and almost cursed his useless patriotism. His enterprise appeared to him now under its true aspect. The sight of the court had changed his ideas. He understood, but too late, that his attempt, which would have been very rash even in the time of chivalry, was in the eighteenth century, a veritable act of Quixotism. "It was for Brittany," he repeated, trying to console himself. But this consoled him not; and his grief would have been far more bitter could he have seen what was passing at that hour in his castle of Tremlays.

In fact, Hervey de Vannoy did not do things by halves. Some words that escaped from the Baron during their last conversation put Hervey on the track; and he had divined pretty nearly the aim of his old relative's journey. This was enough; he easily conjectured the result. He let a week pass. At the end of this term he regarded the return of Nicholas, as to say the least, very problematic, and acted accordingly. The larger part of the old servants got their leave. He kept those only whom he had long before succeeded in gaining to his interests, and Allen, the steward, who was somewhat in his confidence. Vannoy had wholly changed his character. For two years he had dreamt, day and night, of the possession of the rich domain of Treml, and now suddenly his dream was fulfilled. Yesterday, sunk in poverty, possessing nothing save his thread-bare robe of gentlemanship, he had awoke to-day more opulent than any member of the haughty Breton nobility. Here was enough to turn the head of an ambitious man, and Vannoy made the conquest. True, things being correctly stated, this opulence was no reality. In the hands of Hervey, the castle, with its dependancies, was no more than a deposit, and his part to play was that of a trustee. But for one who knows how to steer his bark, this part may be made to go far. Every man is mortal; the ward is liable to that crowd of deplorable accidents which threaten our poor humanity; they die, these children, of fever, of croup; they die of eating too little, and of eating too much; one can be munched up by a wolf in a way different from what is told in the fables of Perrault; some of them insist on getting drowned. Farther on in life, there are duels; falls from horseback; and love, which ruined Troy. Because of all these things, the ward of a trustee who is up to his trade, rarely reaches his majority, when his heritage is worth much thought.

Now, Mr. de Vannoy was an able man. Only, as he was impatient beyond measure to enjoy himself without control, he did not reckon much on those eventualities which we have been enumerating. Little George might pass triumphant through all these dangers; and Vannoy did not mean to play so perilous a game. Ordinarily, your Breton is good and generous; but when he sets himself to be wicked, the scamps of our great cities are angels to him; nothing stops him; the means he uses are of a satanic brutality. The reader will judge for himself in a little time.

Vannoy continued to treat George as the cherished and respected son of his lord. He wished to make the affection of the child for him, an instrument to work with, in the dreaded case of Treml's unexpected return some day. One month, two months passed. Hervey had cleared the house of every one who loved the old blood of Treml. Nevertheless, there was one faithful servant whom he was not able to banish. This was Job, the favorite dog of the Baron. In vain the valets, armed with whips, had pursued Job to a great distance in the forest; he always returned. At the moment when Hervey thought him far away, he found him, in the evening, stationed near the cradle of the sleeping boy. The dog kept watch, and we cannot say that without the presence of this valiant guardian, the heir of Treml would have passed his nights without danger; for Vannoy often threw strange looks at the couch where reposed his young cousin.

Job was not the sole protector of the little George; another covered the child with his mysterious vigilance. With the gold of Treml, John Blanc had lightened the sufferings of his father. He worked none; by day he slept or crept around the castle; by night, he ascended one of the trees of the park, whose long branches grazed against the windows of George's sleeping room; and there he acted as sentinel the whole night through. Hervey had often threatened him with his huntsman's gun, but John Blanc could run under the green crown of the trees like a sailor in the rigging of his ship. He had no dread of the balls; and besides he had said: "I will try."

CHAPTER IX.

THE POND OF TREMLAYS.

Six months had passed since Nicholas Treml had left. Nobody knew in Brittany what had become of him. The people of the forest regretted him because he had been a good master, and prayed God for the repose of his soul. One evening in autumn, Hervey de Vannoy threw his fowling-piece over his shoulder, and took little George by the hand. In this array he went towards the pond. Job followed his little master. From time to time, Hervey regarded the faithful animal from the corner of his eye, with a look betokening anything but benevolent intentions towards him. George ran about in the grass, or gathered the golden flowers of the broom. His white curly locks floated on the wind of evening. He was graceful and charming as the joy of infancy.

The pond of Tremlays is situated to the west, and is a quarter of a league from the Castle. Its form is that of a vast trapezium, three sides of which rest their margins of alder trees on large copses, whilst the fourth, cut into a steep slope, bears on its summit a clump of lofty trees. From the central point of this steep slope which comes right down into the water, and had long been crumbling here and there, there rose, bending far over the pond almost horizontally, the robust and stunted trunk of a black oak, whose long branches hung above the water, and covered it to quite a considerable distance. Opposite this oak, at a few fathoms from its branches, the water reaches its greatest depth. The rest has a slimy bottom, where grow crops of reeds and bulrushes, which are peopled towards the beginning of winter with myriads of aquatic birds. On the western margin of the pond now stands a little hamlet, with its chapel and its mill, but at the epoch of our history this spot was a complete desert; very rarely did a passer by break the silent sport of its teals or of its tench. Vannoy opened the padlock of a little boat, placed George on one of the benches, and left the bank. Job, without being invited, passed the distance at a bound, and installed himself at the child's feet. After some strokes of the oar, which carried them to the middle of the pond, Vannoy trimmed his fowling-piece, and threw around him the look of one who was a practiced sportsman. A dark shape at its black head among the reeds; Hervey fired. The noise of the shot made Job start up; the smell of the powder dilated his nostrils. He stood on his four feet, and darted a look towards the reeds. "Seek there! seek there!" said Vannoy gently.

You know the history of the cat metamorphosed into a woman. A mouse shows itself, and puss begins to run on four feet, forgetful of her ladyhood. Job, excited through his instincts, bounded out of the boat, leaving George, frightened at the discharge, on the bench. "Seek there—seek," repeated Vannoy, who quickly reloaded his fowling-piece. The dog searched, but could not find the duck, which had received no hurt. Vannoy put his fowling-piece to his shoulder anew. "Look at the big oak, George," said he.

Just as the child turned round the gun went off. Job uttered a plaintive growl, and fell dead among the reeds. "I have seen behind the leaves of the oak," said the child, "a big white figure that is looking at us." Vannoy threw his eyes keenly towards the tree, but saw nothing.

"Look again," said he, with a wheedling voice. Then he hissed between his teeth—"This time the cursed dog won't return."

"Hold!" cried George; "I see the white figure again." Vannoy was at one of those moments of life when a man fears his own shadow. He eagerly examined the leaves of the oak, but saw nothing. No doubt the child was deceived. The hand of Hervey trembled nevertheless, as he laid down his fowling-piece in the bottom of the boat, to take the oars. He steered for that point of the pond which was in front of the oak. At this spot the water, tranquil and darker than usual, indicated a great depth. Vannoy ceased rowing. He leaned his head on his hand. His breathing was oppressed; drops of sweat started out on his forehead. When he sat up again the night had quite fallen. Two or three times over he stretched his hand toward George, and each time his hand sunk to his side. At length he put forth a violent effort of self control.

"Well," said he, with a stifled voice, "do you not see the big white figure?"

The child turned his head to look. "Yes," repled he, "yonder it is."

Whilst he yet spoke, Vannoy seized him by the back and pushed him into the pond. At the same instant a long white form showed itself, in truth, among the foliage of the oak, but Vannoy could not see it, occupied as he was in fleeing to the shore with the oars. The moon, which was rising, threw its first rays over the underwood, and lit up the pale face of John Blanc. As Vannoy was reaching the shore, the Albino let himself along a flexible branch which bent under his weight, which grazed the surface of the water. With the help of his feet he gave a swinging motion to the bough, which threw him forward, so that he fell, catching the branch with his hands, very near the spot where George had disappeared. Doubtless Vannoy heard the noise of his fall, but full of that superstitious terror which follows and avenges crime, he stopped his ears and fled dismayed. Some seconds after John Blanc came back to the surface, bringing the child, senseless. The wan face of the Albino had an expression of delirious joy when he reached the shore. He started to run, grasping convulsively the child in his arms, and stopped not till he had put a considerable distance between himself and Tremlays castle.

"I was on the spot," he said laughing. "I knew they were about doing some harm to the dear boy. Now he is mine; I have won him. I was on the spot that the strong might not kill the weak, as in the ballad of Arthur of Brittany." Those who knew John Blanc would have seen in these words the precursive symptom of one of his fits. He himself felt vaguely the approach of a mental tempest, for his joy suddenly ceased. He stopped in the middle of one of the forest paths, and laid George down on the sward. The air was cold. A copious dew was falling from the top of the trees, half divested of their leaves. George lay motionless, his limbs stiff and cold. A livid paleness covered his pretty face. "He *must* awake," murmured John, trying to warm him on his bosom. "He *must* do so. Oh, God, awaken him!" Thus saying, he stripped off his own jacket, of the skins of rabbits sown together, and used it to wrap up the child's benumbed body. His breast panted, poor Albino; his eyes grew haggard. He strove against the fit which was invading his reeling faculties. "Oh, my God," he cried at last in despair, "give me time to arouse him. I make a vow—"

An irresistible laugh interrupted this ardent invocation. In the last flush of reason he took from his breast a medal of copper which bore the venerated imprint of our Lady of the Forest, and put it round the neck of the still inanimate child. The moment after, carried away by the fever of his madness, he threw himself, with his head stooping, laughing and singing, into the densest of the thicket. The insensible child remained under the guardianship of our lady. The fit was long, because the emotion which had provoked it had been powerful; for more than an hour he ran through the underwood, repeating in a strange refrain: "I am the white rabbit!"

At the end of this time the fever calmed. He felt his ideas rallying, and the remembrance of George completely filled his heart. He darted on, passing over every obstacle to his progress. In some minutes he reached the alley. His heart beat with joy, for a moonbeam, passing across the boughs, lit up a white object on the sloping sward. "George," cried he. George replied not. John Blanc crossed at two bounds the distance which separated him from the sloping sward where the boy had been left by him, and fell on his knees. "George!" said he again.

As the white object remained immovable, John touched it. It was his skin-jacket. The child had disappeared!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRIFLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HATTY HAWTHORN.

In America, where there is no peerage, and gentility takes the place of aristocracy in a measure, there is no greater test of exquisite refinement than an ability to be shocked. Understand me, I don't allude to an old-fashioned trick of blushing, which is milk-maidish, and almost obsolete. I mean the cultivated art of drawing oneself up slightly, and looking unutterably when occasion shall require. The manner of doing this elegantly being easily attained, the chief difficulty in becoming entirely shockable is to find a sufficient number of pretexts for falling constantly into that enviable state. Society, looking tenderly on these hot-house buds of hers, affords them the widest scope for indulgence, and particularly points out two horrible words at which they may fall into shocked rigidity—to wit: petticoats and legs. "Petticoats," says Society, "used to be worn in the coarse swearing times of Elizabeth, but are never heard of in the purely genteel days with which we are blest." Elizabeth herself would be a disgrace to a ball-room, such as the nineteenth century could produce, and, with her dreadful *bruquerie*, would no doubt throw the elegant floor managers into a swoon. To be sure, there was some sort of talent in the creature—at least Hume, and a few fellows of that sort, have said so—and there were some spirits about her rough court, like Shakspeare, that insist on living always, and boring one in the form of a book—but, good heavens! how shockingly they talked! —mentioning garters and such horrors without the least regard to the terrified listeners, if there were any among the dreadful creatures. Skirts! Now, there is a word for you! "You have displaced Miss Angelina's skirt," is a safe remark when any one has trodden on that celestial being's petticoat, and dragged the gathers out; and mark the delightful consequences—no one is shocked! "The poor fellow's limb was crushed!" relates Edmund to Evelina—therefore her high-minded papa does not "call him out," as he would inevitably have been obliged to do, for insulting his daughter, had he said leg. As there are no petticoats in the world at present, neither are there any legs. Those portions of the anatomy formerly known by that denomination exploded with that useful but now abolished appurtenance, the stomach. Once, on a picnic party, when the collation was deferred, an old white-headed remnant of barbaric days, when people had such things, remarked, "My stomach demands luncheon." The effect was terrible; the sward was literally covered with white and blue muslin in a swooning condition, and it was thought advisable to seize and remove the hoary-headed offender! Such examples being made of these outrageous shockers, the flood-tide of vulgarity is being gradually stemmed and dammed up in a few pernicious bosoms, and people are not allowed to be shocked with impunity. Thus taking away legitimate sources of horror to delicate natures, an inventive faculty naturally springs up, and is nourished in sensitive minds.

Important discoveries are constantly being made of things to be alarmed at, and the English tongue, as spoken by our rough fathers, is not altogether admissible without pruning, nor adequate without much borrowing from those pure creatures, the French, to express the quintessimal refinement at which we are daily arriving. Two little stories of Princesses will uphold this delicate theory, and show it to be of truly refined origin. The first, that of the beautiful German Princess, who, riding along in a Diana-like way, on a dashing steed, tumbled headlong from its back and landed pell-mell on her royal back, with her aristocratic heels in the air. A noble youth, bounding by, sprang from his saddle and raised the prostrate fair just as her lover, a prince of the blood, arrived on the spot. The princess, who wore thick petticoats—heaven forgive me for naming them!—was neither bruised nor sore, but bounded lightly into her saddle, and with a graceful bow to her deliverer, was gone. Next day, answering her summons, he stood in her august presence, and was told that he must either die himself or kill her lover, in which case she would marry him, for that no two men could live on earth after seeing her garter. I'm sure the princess did not utter this dreadful word, but I suppose she made a sign to indicate what she meant, and save her own feelings. I forget which young miss yielded up his insignificant life as a sacrifice to the momentary bliss of having beheld the limb of the Dutch lady, but one did, and the delicate creature was satisfied.

The other story is illustrative of the quality of mind necessary for a thoroughly sensitive person possessed of a proper degree of shockability. It is told by that dear man, Hans Christian Andersen, and tells of a prince who was determined to wed a real princess, and none other; but try as he would, it seemed impossible to get the real article. Something always happened to disclose some artificial nobility in the object of his choice, and as soon as he discovered a flaw he immediately abandoned her. At last his mother, who was a judge of the article, found a princess out in a storm, and took her home to the palace to lodge. Being pretty well convinced of the purity of this specimen, she nevertheless determined to subject her to a trial. On the bed designed to receive the fair wanderer she placed three peas, and on the top of them she piled twenty mattrasses, and on the top of those twenty feather beds. On this couch did the princess recline, but when morning came, her face was weary and her eyes sleepless.

"Did you not rest well?" inquired the Queen.

"Ah, no," said this real princess, "I thought I should expire with weariness. Large rocks in the bed made me ache and shudder, and I am terribly bruised."

"Now," says Hans Christian, "was not this real delicacy?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 7, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

SINGULAR FACTS.

A New York correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, writing from that city on the 25th of August, gives John Bull the following interesting information:

"It is the first time in six years that I have seen large quantities of *roasted apples* sold in the market. They are roasted on the trees by the heat of the sun, [!] and then gathered and brought to the market. They sell at fifteen cents the peck, roasted." Speaking also of the recent tour of the foreign diplomatists, he adds: "The diplomatic company that is travelling west, under charge of Seward, has met with a loss. The French minister nearly got drowned in a lake *that backs up to Seward's house*. He was so ill that he had to stop at Auburn, and did not go on with the company. This is ominous, and looks as though *it was designed. I think it will be found so.*"

Such is the astounding ignorance of a large class of Englishmen as to American concerns, that we can hardly blame the correspondent who sent over the water the above marvellous string of falsehoods. The idea of apples being roasted on the trees by the heat of the sun is almost surpassed in extravagance by the "ominous" hints relative to Seward and the French Minister. We have often wondered whether there was anything so ridiculously absurd relative to the United States, that a large class of Europeans could not be got to believe it—and we believe now there is positively nothing they would not swallow.

——By the way, the *London Times* gravely informed its readers the other day, that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers united their waters, and then flowed into the Mississippi!—proving how superficially the editors of that paper consult their maps.

ENGLISH SENTIMENT.

Large meetings have been recently held in England, and addressed by Henry Ward Beecher, at which the greatest enthusiasm was manifested for the Union cause. These go to demonstrate that Earl Russell spoke the truth when he said, in his recent speech, that a majority of the English people took sides with the North. And they are not only the majority, but—as to American affairs—the most intelligent. They are not of those who believe in roasted apples growing on the trees in New York, and of Seward's attempting to drown the French Minister! In fact, the ignorance manifested by the sympathisers with secession in England, both as regards the real origin of our difficulties, and the geography and productions of the country, is the most noticeable thing about them. But with the spread of knowledge, correct ideas spread also. And we trust to see the time come, and that before many months, when three-fourths of the English people will heartily sympathise with the cause of the Union. Then when the *London Times* and poor Punch shall begin to eat their own words, and prove that they never meant what everybody supposed they had said, we shall welcome John Bull again to the possession of his right mind, and be prepared to smoke the pipe of peace with him.

EUGENIE AND THE DUCHESS.

The Paris correspondent of the London Court Journal gives an explanation of a coolness that has recently occurred between the Empress and one of her lady friends, a favorite Duchess, to the following effect:

It appears that Eugenie, in one of her walking excursions among the romantic environs of Biarritz, slipped and fell, and being that she was quite overcome, was compelled to remain seated upon a fragment of rock until a litter could be procured for conveying her back to her carriage, which had remained at the bottom of the ascent. They say, says the correspondent, that some spiteful demon is now and then busy with the affairs of mortals here below; and sure enough one of those dreaded spirits must have just then been wandering about upon the spot; for while the litter was being prepared, and the Empress, though not in the least hurt, was still laboring under great alarm, and was leaning with her back against the rock in all the disorder of a toilet disarranged by the accident, swelling with great impatience the moment of returning home to repair the confusion, a light, shrill laugh was heard behind the rock against which her Majesty was seated.

"How is the Empress now? Have you seen her Majesty since the accident?" were the questions uttered by one of the gentlemen of the party, to which the reply, in a well known voice, was uttered with an accompanying laugh, which must have sounded singularly discordant after all the protestations of friendship and devotion that voice had been so used to utter:—

"Oh, yes, I have seen the Empress just this moment; but I cannot say that I could see her *Majesty*."

This repetition of the saying of the Duchess de Montmorency, when speaking of Henri Quatre, on the occasion of his entrance into Paris, was certainly neither witty enough nor original enough to be worth the risk of losing forever the love of her imperial friend—but it appears the gay Duchess was unable to resist the temptation. Of course she was unaware of the proximity of the Empress—a fortunate thing perhaps for the latter, as she now knows the exact value of her former favorite's protestations of love and admiration. Ah, well, even empresses, it thus seems, have their little troubles, and experience occasionally the hollowness of this world. Eugenie, herself, we take to be a sincere, earnest woman, who seldom says what she does not mean, and generally means what she says.

ROTHERMEL'S LAST PICTURE.

This painting, entitled "The Christian Martyrs at the Coliseum," is represented to be a composition of very great excellence. It may be seen at the Academy of Fine Arts. Some friends of ours who visited it on the opening night, were deeply impressed with its merits.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNALS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND: Comprising Biographies, Descriptions of Departments, Accounts of Expeditions, Skirmishes and Battles; Also Its Police Record of Spies, Smugglers, and Prominent Rebel Emissaries. Together with Anecdotes, Incidents, Poetry, Reminiscences, &c., and Official Reports of the Battle of Stone River. By an Officer. Illustrated with Steel Portraits, Wood Engravings and Maps. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

This is by far the handsomest volume that the annalists of the present war have yet produced. It abounds with well executed engravings, having no less than *seventeen* steel plates—many of them containing five portraits each—and *nine* wood engravings. It contains authentic biographical sketches, anecdotes and incidents relative to the noble army of the Cumberland; and its author hopes to accumulate a sum by its publication, sufficient to erect a monument—a beautiful design of which is given—to the Heroes of Stone River. To the soldiers of the army of the Cumberland, and their numerous friends and relatives, this work will have a peculiar interest, while by every patriotic citizen it will be gladly welcomed. We commend it to the patronage of an appreciative public.

A CATECHISM OF THE STEAM ENGINE, in its Various Applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways and Agriculture. With Practical Instructions for the Manufacture and Management of Engines of Every Class. By JOHN BOURNE, C. E. New and Revised Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

FLOWER, FRUIT AND THORN PIECES, or the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkas. By JEAN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER. Translated from the German by E. H. Noel. With a Memoir of the Author by Thomas Carlyle. In two vols. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE REJECTED WIFE. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of Fashion and Famine, &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.*

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The following beautiful testimonial to the Sanitary Commission is copied from the Atlantic Monthly, where it forms a notice of the little book entitled, "Hospital Transports." Supposing that very many of our co-workers will fail to see it where originally published, and, but for our intervention, never know what good things are said of us and them, we reproduce it for their benefit.

"If pure benevolence was ever organized and utilised into benevolence, the name of the institution is the Sanitary Commission. It is a standing answer to Samson's riddle: "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." Out of the very depths of the agony of this great and bloody war springs this beautiful system, built of the noblest and divinest attributes of the human soul. Amidst all the heroism of daring and enduring which this war has developed, amidst all the magnanimity of which it has shown the race capable, the calling, the endurance, the greatness of soul which have been discovered among the men and women who have given their lives to this work, shine as brightly as any on the battle-field—in some respects even more brightly. They have not the bay of victory to crown the clash of swords to some enthusiasm, nor will the land ever resound with their victories. Theirs is the dark and painful side, the menial and hidden side, but made light and lovely by the spirit that shines in and through it all. Glimpses of this agency are familiar to our people; but not till the history of its inception, progress and results is calmly and adequately written out and spread before the public, will any idea be formed of the magnitude and importance of the work which it has done, for even then. Never, till every soldier whose last moments it has soothed, till every soldier whose flickering life it has gently steadied into continuance, whose waning reason it has softly lulled into quiet, whose chilled blood it has warmed into healthful play, whose failing frame it has nourished into strength, whose fainting heart it has comforted with sympathy—never, until every full soul has poured out its story of gratitude and thanksgiving, will the record be complete; but long before that time, ever since the moment that its helping hand was first held forth, comes the Blessed Voice, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

An institution asking of Government only permission to live and opportunity to work, planting itself firmly and squarely on the generosity of the people, subsisting solely by their free-will offerings, it is a noble monument of the intelligence, the munificence, and the efficiency of a free people, and of the liberty with which its response to the right chord is rightly touched. It is, however, not unnatural that doubts should exist as to the success of a plan so far-reaching in its aims, and hitherto so untried. Stories have been circulated of a mercenary disposition of its stores and trickery among its officers. Where these stories have found considerable credence, they have been tracked to their source and triumphantly refuted; but it would indeed be hardly less than miraculous, if an institution ramifying so widely, with agents in so numerous, and resources so extensive, should have no knaves among its servants, and no waste in its circulation. The wonder is, that more leakage has not been proved than has ever been suspected. All that is necessary to remove floating doubts, to convince all friends of the wisdom which projected this Commission, and to warm all hearts up to its continued and sufficient support, is a knowledge of what it has done, is doing, and purposes to do. This information the Commission has at different times, and by piecemeal, furnished: necessarily by piecemeal, since, as this book justly remarks, the immense mass of details which a circumstantial account of its operations in field and hospital must involve, would prove nearly as laborious in the reading as in the performance. In this little volume we have, photographed, a single phase of its operations. It consists simply of extracts from letters and reports. There is no attempt at completeness or dramatic arrangement; yet the most elaborate grouping would probably fail to present one-half as accurately a picture of the work and its ways as these unpretending fragments. It delights us to see the—we can hardly say cheerful, as that savors too much of "self-sacrifice" which benevolence sometimes tarnishes by talking about—but, rather, the gay, lively, merry manner in which the most balky matters are taken hold of. Men and women seem to have gone into the service with good-will and hearty tone and buoyant spirits. It refreshes and strengthens us like a tonic to read of their taking the wounded, festering, filthy, miserable men, washing and dressing them, pouring in lemonade and beef tea, and putting them abed and asleep. There is not a word of "ministering angels," or "ministering angels," (we could wish there were not quite so much about "ladies") but honest, refined, energetic, able women, with quick brains and quick hands, now bathing a poor crazy head with cologne, to be rewarded with one grateful smile from the parting soul—now standing in the way of a procession of the slightly wounded, to pour a little brandy down their throats, or put an orange into their hands, just to keep them up till they reach food and rest—now running up the river in a steam tug, scrambling eggs in a wash basin over a spirit lamp as they go—now groping their way, at all hours of the night, through torrents of rain, into dreadful places crammed with sick and dying men, "calling back to life those in despair from utter exhaustion, or again and again catching for mother or wife the last whispers of the dying"—now leaving their compliments to serve a disappointed colonel instead of his dinner, which they had nipped in the bud by dragging away the stove with its four fascinating and not-to-be-withstood pot holes;—and let the sutler's name be wreathed with laurel who not only permitted this, but offered his cart and mule to drag the stove to the boat, and would take no pay!

"The blessings of thousands who were ready to perish, and of tens of thousands who love their country and their kind, rest upon those who originated, and those who sustain, this noble work. Let the people's heart never falter and its hand never weary; but let it, of its abundance, give to this Commission full measure, pressed down, shaken down, and running over, that, wherever the red trail of war is seen, its divine footsteps may follow—that, wherever the red hand of war is lifted to slay, its pitying hand may be lifted to heal—that its work may never cease until it is assumed by a great Christian Government, or until peace once more reigns throughout the land. And even then, gratitude for its service, and joy in its glory, shall never die out of the hearts of the American people."

In the present low state of our supplies, we hear with particular pleasure that Mrs. Samuel Leiper and Miss Felton, our associate managers in Delaware county, are preparing, on a large scale, for a fair and festival, to be held in Chester, the week preceding Christmas, for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. We hope that they may receive every encouragement from the friends of the cause; and that at least every town in the county will be represented *by donations*. The state of Delaware and the lower and middle counties of New Jersey having been recently added to our section, we would request ladies residing in those states, who are willing to unite with us in our labors for our sick and wounded soldiers, to send us their names and address.

A letter from New Egypt, Ocean county, N. J., announces to us that a festival is to be held there, "the proceeds of which are for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers," and desiring to know whether they shall "send the money directly to the Commission, or purchase muslin, flannel, &c., and make into garments."

We prefer always that country societies should retain their funds for the purchase of material, we relying upon our cities for the money that is needed.

And here we would repeat a request which we have previously made, viz.: that the secretaries of our auxiliary societies and contributing aids, would read aloud at their weekly meetings such portions of articles concerning the Sanitary Commission as are calculated to interest or instruct the members. Any secretaries desiring say of the documents of the Commission can have them sent to their address by applying to us, or to one of the associate managers in their county. The titles of our last publications are, "Report of the Operations of the Sanitary Commission during and after the battles at Gettysburg, July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863;" "Three weeks at Gettysburg," written by a lady; "Our Hospitals and the men in them," written by Mr. Ware; and "How can we best help our Camps and Hospitals?"

We will forward copies of these publications to any persons desiring them who will send their address to the rooms of the W. P. B., 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

We make the following quotation from a letter written to Dr. Newberry, by Prof. Andrews, of Marietta College, after having visited the state of Michigan in behalf of the U. S. Sanitary Commission:—

I found everywhere entire confidence in the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Other methods of reaching the army had been tried and sometimes had failed. This organization all felt had promptly, and safely, and honestly transmitted their supplies to the army, and whatever abuses there might have been, occurred after the supplies had passed out of the hands of the Commission, in their distribution in the army.

I took pains to explain, wherever I went, the harmonious relations existing between the U. S. Sanitary Commission and the U. S. Christian Commission, to make known the important fact that the former stands ready to furnish the latter all the Sanitary stores it can properly use, and freely offers the use of all its privileges and machinery. With this fact understood, there will be little disposition to organize additional societies for the sole purpose of furnishing such stores.

Very respectfully yours,
E. B. ANDREWS.

Mrs. Mary B. Garrison, of Swedesboro', New Jersey, was elected an Associate Manager of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at the meeting of the Executive Committee held Oct. 26th.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Mrs. Lowber, 1 package.
Aid Society, Chatham, Chester county, 1 box, Miss Jackson.
Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Miss Blackman, 1 box.
McKean and Summit Aid Society, Erie co., 1 box.
Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Centre Square, Montgomery county, Sallie A. Canard, Sec'y, 1 bbl.
Mrs. S. M. Felton, 2 boxes.
Soldiers' Relief, Tioga and Mill Creek, Tioga county, Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y, 1 keg, 1 box.
A Friend, 1 package.
Ladies' Aid, Roxborough, Mrs. N. L. Jones, Sec'y, 1 package.
Ladies' Aid, Yorkstown, Wyoming county, S. E. Marvy, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Dimock, Susquehanna county, Miss Woodruff, Sec'y, 1 keg.
Soldiers' Aid, Covington, Tioga county, 1 bbl., 2 boxes.
A Friend, 1 keg.
School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 package.
Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton county, Mrs. H. D. Barton, 1 box.

☞ DUTY.—Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to us was of valuable service. Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clearer.

☞ The great secret of happiness is to be on good terms with one's self. As all external troubles throw us back upon ourselves, it is pleasant to find there a comfortable retreat.—*Pestalozzi.*

☞ The treaty between our Government and Persia begins in this way—"In the name of God, the clement and the merciful; the President of the United States, and his Majesty, as exalted as the planet Saturn—the sovereign whom the sun serves as a standard, whose splendor and magnificence are equal to that of the skies," &c.

☞ Professor Agassiz, who knows everything, or at all events, is supposed, in Boston and round there, to do so, says that the British National Anthem—"God save the Queen," is of Swiss origin. He said lately, on hearing it sung, "that is a Swiss National Hymn, sung in my country hundreds of years before the English adopted it."

☞ Among other additions which have been recently made to the collection of relics in Burns' monument, Edinburgh, are three excise returns, contributed by Mr. Murray, late Deputy Comptroller General of Excise for Scotland. They are all signed by Burns, and one of them is entirely in his handwriting.

☞ Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed-furniture, and till their wedding they were called spinsters, which continues to this day in all legal proceedings.

☞ At the Winsted, Connecticut, cattle-show, an ox-race was one of the features. A pair owned by Thomas Williams took the first premium, going a mile in 10¼ minutes.

☞ Li-Tai-Po is considered by his countrymen, according to the Marquis D'Hervey St. Denys, their greatest poet. The admiration of the Chinese for him is so great that they have erected a temple in his honor, as the "Great Doctor," the "Prince of Poetry," and, what to European ears savors of bathos, "The Immortal given to drink." He was born A. D. 702. He died at the age of 61, A. D. 763.

☞ There is a grave-yard at Chattanooga containing the remains of 1,077 rebels, nearly all of whom died from injuries received at the battle of Stone River. Each grave is numbered, and a register is kept at the office of Bragg's Medical Director of the name of every soldier. By ascertaining the number of the grave and referring to the register, the name of the deceased can be found out, and relatives can recover the remains hereafter. This is a very good plan, and ought to be adopted in our own army.

☞ When does a man appear most ridiculous? When he finds fault, ridicules, and uses contemptuous language about persons, circumstances, and affairs he knows nothing about.

☞ COUNTRY NOT LARGE ENOUGH.—A correspondent of a London paper writes:—"I have just returned from Germany after a month's knocking about. I had glorious weather, and saw all the little kings at Frankfort. There is a good anecdote of one of them. He wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun, so got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the target put up in *his* kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!"

☞ In the battle of Gettysburg, the Color-sergeant of the 16th Vermont fell mortally wounded. At once a dozen men rushed up to seize the colors and bear them forward. The poor wounded sergeant grasped the staff with both his clenched hands; his eyes were already dimmed with death; he could not see who it was that tried to wrest his charge from him. "Are you friends or enemies?" he cried out. "We are friends," was the reply; "give us the colors." "Then, friends," said he, "I am mortally wounded; let me hold up the flag till I die!" And so saying, he fell back—dead.

☞ The Cincinnati Common Council have appointed a Committee to purchase $20,000 worth of coal to be sold to the citizens at cost.

☞ A process is talked of at Lyons by which silk can be liquified, and the produce of the worms kept in casks for artificial reissue in filaments susceptible of a quite novel form of manipulation. It would appear that what is meant bears some affinity to the treatment and uses of gutta percha.

☞ The usual predictions of a tremendously cold winter are reaching us from the West. The following "infallible signs," among others, are supposed to indicate that the winter approaching will be one of unusual severity:—"This is the first fall since the winter of 1857, that the brook trout have commenced leaving the small creeks for deep holes as early as the first of September, and the first season since then that the muskrats have had double-walled little hillock homes."

☞ Mr. Hawthorne, the author, says that, in his Consular experience, the way he detected counterfeit Yankees was by the pronunciation of the word "been," which the English invariably made to rhyme with green, and Northerners as invariably pronounce "bin."

AMUSING NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Shortly before the war of 1812, with Great Britain, Captain ——— commanded a ship which sailed from the United States to Portsmouth, England, by the way of the West Indies. A number of British Naval officers, stationed at one of the West India Islands, had been ordered home, and took passage in the ship. Conversation, during the voyage, turned frequently upon the prospects of the war between the two countries.

"If," said the English officers, "war should take place, we shall capture every ship in the American Navy. It is impossible that we should fail!"

To this accustomed braggadocio of John Bull, the captain simply replied—

"Gentlemen, you may live to see yourselves disappointed."

The English spirit of boasting was kept up during the entire voyage, without, however, disturbing friendly feelings. They reached Portsmouth in safety, but had only been in port a few weeks, when the startling news arrived that Hull had taken the English frigate Guerriere, commanded by Captain Dacres. The day after the reception of the news the old captain purchased a white hat, small clothes, &c., and went to the Navy Yard, to which his passengers had been ordered. He found them grouped together, talking over the serious news.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he; "have you heard the news?"

"Oh, yes, captain; we suppose you refer to the victory of Hull."

"Not at all, gentlemen; my news is, that Hull has been broken by a court-martial."

"Why, captain, you are not in earnest—what do you mean?—we are astonished, indeed."

"Yes," continued the captain, "the American Congress passed a resolution that if an American frigate did not take a British frigate *in fifteen minutes*, the commander should be cashiered; and you know it took Hull just seventeen-and-a-half minutes to take the Guerriere!"

His audience dispersed as if the riot act had been read, but not without showing evident tokens of deep mortification. As for the captain, he made it a rule to mount his white hat and shorts, and call at the Navy Yard, as the news of each successive victory of our gallant navy reached him, to congratulate his former boasting English naval friends.

☞ How to make Berlioney sassidge—carefully prepared by Ike Billings, from the original recipee, now in the possession of the families of the Duke of Catfish:—Take eel skin and stuff it with ground cat; season it with Scotch snuff and persimin ile; lay it on a hog-pen to dri, and then hang it up bi the tale in a Dutch grocery for three months, for the flies to give it the trademarks, then it is redy for use, and kan be cut up into rite lengths and sold fer police klubs.

☞ MOONSTRUCK.—A boy thirteen years of age, named Henry Lowry, residing near Pechhamrye, England, was expelled from his home last month by his mother for some trifling misdemeanor, and at once ran away to a corn-field close by, and on lying down in the open air fell asleep. He slept throughout the night, which was a moonlight one. Some laborers on their way to work, seeing the boy apparently asleep, aroused him; the lad opened his eyes, but declared he could not see. He was conveyed home, and thence to an oculist's, where medical advice was obtained. The surgeon affirmed that the loss of sight resulted from sleeping in the moonshine. The boy is totally blind, and no hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

☞ An authentic instance of a white man turning biaca is related by Dr. Dickinson of the British embassy at the Levant. The subject is an Armenian, 28 years of age. He was laid up for two years with a severe sickness, which was followed by intermittent fever of a year's duration, and this in turn by an attack of the jaundice. During the last illness the color of the patient's skin changed from yellow to bronze, and as fast as this change progressed his health improved. At present the entire surface of his skin, excepting the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet, is of a very deep bronze hue, such as marks the color of the dark Abyssinian races. The medical term for this disease is *melanopathia*.

☞ A young lady at Louisville, who had two suitors, engaged herself to one of them and then eloped with the other. Very good, doubtless, but her father didn't appreciate it, and disinherited her, and the abandoned lover wants to shoot somebody.

☞ George Crumbacker, of East Wheeling, lost a cow and calf four months ago, and dreamed the other day that they were in a certain field three miles distant, and actually found them there—the third time he had discovered lost cattle in the same way.

COUNTERSIGNS.—The Adjutant of a Maine regiment in the Department of the South, in providing countersigns, selected words difficult for uneducated persons to pronounce, which called forth the censure of the Colonel, who ordered the adjutant to take the names of rivers, lakes or towns of his native State, as the men would be familiar with them. Whereupon he sent the following list to the Colonel for approval:—Sylladebala, Chopuinatiscook, Magagudoarie, Welokenebacook, Moselucmaguntic, Molechunkemunk, Chemquassabamtook, Pekaquimack, Shaketahank, Pamgockamock, Mooselockamoguntic, Mollychunkamug.

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT AND DAY.—We have sometimes heard it remarked by timid persons that they would not travel by night on a railroad, their impression being that there is more danger of accidents in the dark than during the daylight. Upon first thought this would seem to be the fact, but a writer in the Railroad Advocate takes a different view of the matter, and certainly makes out a good case. He says:

"There are many circumstances which make night running comparatively safe. All work upon the track is stopped. Comparatively few other trains are on the road. No drawbridge would be likely to remain open in the night. Switches are more likely to be right than at other times, as they are not in use for other trains, and are locked. The signals for night trains being made by light, would scarcely fail to be observed and obeyed, and what is important, would be seen at a greater distance than any signal during daylight. The engineer has less to attract his attention than in the daytime. While, after all, a rock or tree falling across a bend in the track, in broad daylight, is as much a 'hidden danger' as if encountered in the night. So, after all, it would appear that one can take a night's rest in a railroad car with comparative safety."

AN ODD WEDDING.—The following curious story is told of a French low-comedian named Lassagne, who has recently died in Paris, a lunatic:—

Before he got mad enough to be subjected to restraint, he devised for himself a singular amusement, worthy, it may be said, of a madman, but to which a misanthrope might have resorted as a means of studying human nature. He used to fill his pocket with copper money and get into an omnibus, seating himself near the conductor. In the Paris omnibuses it is customary for persons to pay soon after they get in; if they are far from the conductor their money is passed from hand to hand, and the change is returned to them in like manner. Lassagne was always ready with a hand held out to receive the fare from those seated beyond him, but when he handed back the change received from the conductor, he dexterously added to it a few sous taken from his own pocket. It was his delight then to watch the face of the passenger who, having given a 10-sous piece in order that six might be taken from it, received back ten or twelve sous after his fare was paid. The passenger counted, recounted, and ended by pocketing the change. Lassagne then laughed, as the French say, *comme un fou*. He used to declare that he never once saw the money returned.

☞ A good natured fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, felt very poor one day, and was complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure, and I'll tell ye how to get rid of them," said an Irishman. "Pray, how?" "Lind money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will ever trouble you agin."

PILING IT UP.—In California, any stipulated rate of interest is lawful, and the current rates are often fearful. In January, 1861, (not yet three years ago) Daniel K. Vance borrowed $1,300 of Morris Wise, payable on demand, with compound interest at eight per cent. per month. Not being paid, Wise sued it, and obtained a verdict a month ago, for the snug little sum of *one hundred and sixty millions of dollars*. Not feeling able to lose so much money, Wise concluded to strike off one hundred and forty millions from the amount, and only have judgment entered for the trifle of twenty millions.

In relation to the above, an exchange says:—"A story is going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that a man in San Francisco recently sued another for a debt of eight per cent. compound interest on $1300, for three years, and that the jury gave a verdict of $160,000 000, but that the plaintiff agreed to take $20,000,000 for his claim. Eight per cent. compound interest on $1300 for three years will amount to just $20,-923 90. Those who publish the California story had better publish this also."

ENLISTMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS.—The new order for the enlistment of colored soldiers, which will soon be published, applies to Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and Delaware, but not to Kentucky or West Virginia. Delaware was added at the personal request of Governor Cannon. Free negroes, and slaves whose masters make no objection, or whose masters have aided the rebellion, are to be recruited first. If the required number—not stated—is not procured by this means, the recruiting officers are to take all who desire to fight for the country, whether their masters are willing to spare them or not. All loyal masters whose slaves have been taken, are to have descriptive lists, with which they may go before the bureau of colored soldiers, and after they shall have proved their loyalty, which is an indispensable prerequisite to the recovery of anything, shall be entitled to a sum not exceeding three hundred dollars for each enlisted freedman. From the instant a slave is mustered into the service he is to be forever free.

CONTRABAND MILK.—Military "General Orders" are usually in a very humdrum style, but the following extract from General Order No. 2 of Lieut. Colonel King, of the Massachusetts 35th, who is military commandant of Lexington, Ky., is original, and decidedly pointed:

8. Frequent complaints having been made that the milch cows of citizens have been milked, and oftentimes detained for days by persons connected with the army, if such practices are continued, and can be brought home to any one, the offender will be dealt with in a manner to make him wish that earlier in life he had been weaned from a love for milk.

LATEST NEWS.

[illegible] the Army of the Potomac [illegible] more news than is [illegible] Valley. Trains are now running to Bealton, and in a few days the road will be complete to the Rappahannock.

An official dispatch from General Grant announced the fact of Gen. Sherman's arrival at Chattanooga on the 14th inst., with the head of the army. Gen. Hooker's division, under command of Gen. Geary, was ordered back to Bridgeport, to keep open the communications in that direction. Gen. Sherman's command was to be pushed forward as fast as transportation could be furnished, and it was expected that the whole force would have left by the 20th. The then force, consisting of the 15th and 17th corps, would be under the command of Gen. Grant in person.

Gen. Longstreet's force, which was reported to be moving on Knoxville, was [illegible] Gen. Grant, [illegible] from the army of Gen. Meade, is of a [illegible] character. Gen. Longstreet's force consisted of [illegible] men, and was [illegible] from the army of Gen. Bragg, [illegible] Gen. Grant, [illegible] of Gen. Meade's army [illegible] from the town, and were [illegible] The enemy's force, consisted of Tennessee troops, where Bragg commanded the rebel commander to divide his troops, and so weakened his forces on the points that it was quickly turned by our troops.

Gen. Meade's army [illegible] Gen. Grant, on the 19th inst. [illegible] —These heavy guns have been turned upon the city of Charleston, and each has thrown one shell containing Greek fire into the very heart of the place. Our batteries are also at work on Johnson, Sumter, and Moultrie. Large numbers are in position at Sullivan's Island.

A plot has been discovered in Ohio to liberate the rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, seize the state arsenal, and commence a regular campaign. Several arrests of prominent individuals have been made.

☞ The Richmond Examiner is bothering its brains over the singular phenomena of this war. "We are always beating the Yankees," it says, "always taking their cannon, killing and capturing their men, and seeing off the most decisive victors, and yet we never regain any territory." It must be confessed that this result is strange.

☞ P. T. Barnum is the happy possessor a five-horned ram, which resides not at the Museum, but at his farm. At a recent cattle show he labeled the animal "An intemperate sheep which has taken, at least three horns too much."

☞ Government is buying cotton in Mississippi for eight cents a pound. As it sells in northern markets at eighty to ninety cents, this leaves a good margin for Uncle Sam—if it ever gets into his depleted pocket.

☞ QUITE AN ITEM.—A single firm pays one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to the London Times for advertising.

☞ Steel is hardened by being heated and then plunged into cold water. Brass is annealed, or softened, by the same process.

☞ There is a man in Concord whose digestive powers are so good that he thinks he "could eat a roasted flat-iron, and sleep upon it like a baby."

☞ A SURE SIGN OF DEATH.—All practising physicians agree that, when the eyes of a corpse are opened about two days after death, and the pupils are found to be mixed up so that nothing of them is to be seen, but the whole of the eyes is dissolved into a wheyish or jellied mass, then real death is evident. Where this symptom is wanting, death is uncertain.

☞ THE PATRIOT BOY.—Frankie Bragg, aged only fifteen, one of the bravest of Birgis' sharpshooters in the battle at Donelson, when dying in the hospital, was asked why he joined the army. He replied: "I joined, Mrs. S——, because I was so young and strong, and because life would be worth nothing to me unless I offered it to my country."

☞ Here is an English epitaph, vouched for as genuine by John B. Gough: "Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Grimm; she was so very pure within, she burst the outward shell of sin, and hatched herself a Cherubim."

☞ Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

☞ A man in Washington went to sleep on Saturday wrapped up in a tent cloth, there being a dead body near him similarly wrapped up. The undertaker's men took him up by mistake, and would have buried him if he had not entered an emphatic protest against it.

☞ Moses Cherry, of Auxville, Kendall county, Ill., last spring gave two Virginia slaves eight acres of land, and furnished them with a house, wagon, tools, &c., for tobacco raising, he to receive half the profits. The crop is now being cut, and will realize in the neighborhood of $3,000.

☞ HATS.—Hats for men were invented at Paris in 1403. In London they were first manufactured by Spaniards, about a century later. Before that time the men in England wore close knit woollen caps. When Charles II. made a public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he wore a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume.

☞ NOSES.—The French and English have each nine proverbs relating to the nose. Here follows the nasal wisdom of the vernacular:—1. Follow your nose. 2. He cannot see beyond his nose. 3. An inch is a good deal on a man's nose. 4. He would bite his own nose off to spite his face. 5. He has a nose of wax. 6. As plain as the nose on your face. 7. To hold one's nose to the grindstone. 8. To lead one by the nose. 9. To put one's nose out of joint.

IN THE SUMMER AFTERNOON.

I.

Ada mine upon a barge beside the river
Lolling slowly in the summer afternoon;
To the pleasant breeze the linden-shadows quiver;
Ah, how sweet the blackbird's tune!
Lo, the flash of flying swallow;
Lo, swift clouds that seem to follow
Ripple ripples of the silvery crescent-moon.

II.

Is she dreaming—that most exquisite of maidens—
Of the joy that shall be hers—ah, how soon?
Does her heart beat to love's delicious cadence,
Sweeter than the blackbird's tune?
Does the fashion forth an idyl
Of the wooing and the bridal,
And the glad delight that fills the honeymoon?

III.

Life's an ocean, Ada mine, with wild abysses:
We are floating on a calm and still lagoon.
Perhaps the sweetness of our whispers and our kisses
May turn bitter, all too soon.
Grief is joy's most swift pursuer:
Yet, my darling, for thy wooer
Carol gaily through the summer afternoon.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

KITTY CLARK'S WILL.

I.

A complimentary and (in their way) sympathizing throng were assembled in the room where old Kitty Clark lay dying. Dying now, there was no doubt. The wolf, so often cried causelessly during the few preceding years of her long life, was at last growling at the door. From this attack it was certain she would not recover.

She herself was aware of it. The hand of Time, which was crushing her into the grave, which had stolen from her all the vigor of life, leaving her like a dry and sapless tree, had not quenched the active mind and dauntless spirit which for seventy years she had possessed. She well knew she was dying. It was understood that she had made a will, which was lodged in the hands of Mr. Crocks, who, as a merchant, postmaster, and member of the council of the little village in Canada, was undoubtedly the proper person to have charge of a document of such importance. Great curiosity was felt, and many now beneath Kitty's roof hoped to get from her, or those who nursed her, some intelligence as to what that will contained. But she had made no confidants; and, as evening drew on, she had fallen into an apparent stupor, from which she only awoke by sudden starts, when she would utter a groan of pain, or occasionally a word or two of prayer.

Very strange, to unaccustomed eyes, would have been the scene, lit up by the red glow of the fire of bark and pine-wood blazing on the broad hearth; for, though the season was May, the night air was chill, and the rough log-walls by no means forbade its entrance. In one corner was the bed, where lay the invalid, uncurtained and unscreened; while on and around it were the two or three women at present in office as nurses, one holding a flaring candle, another a spoon and phial, while a third supported the pillows on her arm. Filling the rest of the room, were about a dozen female figures, among whom the seven ages of woman might have been sought and found, from the infant in the cradle to the crone of threescore and ten. There was the child creeping on the floor, in charge of one just emerging from childhood; young girls in freshness and beauty; by the fireside, a young mother fondled her first-born with exultant pride, as she talked to the sedate matron who watched the gruel simmering on the glowing coals; while the old women compared notes as to the death-beds they had attended and the funerals they had seen. The men were mostly gathered in the "stoop" outside, but the masculine element was not entirely wanting within; it was represented by old Silas Doyle, who had "the gift of grace," and had come to pray with the invalid; and handsome Martin Foyle, leaning over the shoulder of pretty Amaryllis Dollman, who looked up in his face with such a languishing expression in her great soft eyes. Each and all felt for Kitty, and would have aided her by any means in their power, but their sympathy did not in the least prevent their attending to their own affairs; nor did any seem to remember that as she was now, so they all in their turn must be. The peculiar hum of many voices speaking low sounded in the room, while over all the red fire shed a lurid light, and cast fantastic shadows on the smoky walls.

Now and then the creaking door would open, and give entrance to some fresh visitor, and the crazy floor would rock under even a cautious tread, as the newcomer advanced to the bed, held the candle so as to throw the light on the sick woman's face, and made audible remarks on her appearance, and the change for the worse perceptible since the last visit. It was Saturday evening, and the week's work was done and put away; this accounted for the unusual gathering, where there were generally only those who were needed or had nothing to do at home; but all were now free to make inquiries and to indulge at a common restaurant, in a little friendly chat. Kitty's was not the only sick room in Crocksville; Abel Blunt's wife was almost given over, and was, moreover, a very interesting case, as she was delicious; the interest was therefore somewhat divided, but Kitty's was the favorite resort. Abel Blunt lived in a substantial house with various rooms, and only a privileged few were admitted to the presence of the invalid; but Kitty Clark's one-roomed shanty, where the visitor had nothing to do but to open the door and walk in, gave free access to all.

II.

Let us listen to some of the scraps of conversation, and learn how matters stand in Crocksville, such having been the name given the place when it arrived at the dignity of possessing a post-office, and received a name at all. First, let us take Martin Foyle, who is whispering in low tones to Amaryllis: "So you think there's no chance he'll change his mind, Am'rilly, dear?"

"Not a bit. He wouldn't let Nelly marry Robert till he had a farm of his own, and he won't let me. We'll have to wait a while."

"I s'pose we must; but it's awful hard to have patience."

"Well, we're both young, and we can afford it. Besides, you'll have time to consider whether you'll change your mind. Better before than after."

The reply to this woman-like and aggravating speech is lost in the remark of Bella Jones: "I guess she won't get over it this time."

"It's hard to say," replied Mrs. Jackson, to whom she had spoken. "My mother used to have just such turns, and she lived to be ninety."

"I wonder who she's left the farm to," pursued Miss Jones.

"Neither you nor me, I guess. It'll be sure to go to some one as don't want it. Crocks 'll get it, I shouldn't wonder, because he's rich already."

"How's Abel Blunt's wife to-day?" asked Mrs. Sands, interrupting Mrs. Jackson's sarcastic observations.

"Awful bad. They had two doctors there to-day."

"She's violent, I heard," said another. "They had to shave her head to keep her from tearing out her hair."

"I heard 'twas rheumatic fever; but it don't seem like it."

"No," said Mrs. Sands, "taint that. They give her too much opium, and it set her kind o'wild."

"My opinion is," said Silas Doyle, joining in from his seat at the bed-head, "that she's under conviction. Her symptoms is all that way."

"Anyhow, she's in awful suffering," said Mrs. Sands.

"Ah!" rejoined Silas, with a shake of the head, "it's a blessed thing to be under conviction of sin."

Considering the proofs adduced, some people might have been skeptical as to the blessedness of Mrs. Blunt's condition, but no one present expressed a doubt on the point. As if roused by the sounds familiar to every Methodist ear, the dying woman stirred and muttered some words, of which "Help me, save me," were alone audible.

"She's been that way all day," whispered Mrs. Green, the nurse with the candle, to Mrs. Sands, "praying whenever she was sensible, or in most pain."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Sands. "Well, I've no doubt it'll be all right with her, if she is called away. She's always been a professor."

"Profession and practice don't always go together," muttered Mrs. Jones over the gruel saucepan.

Here Kitty again spoke, and Mrs. Green bent down to listen. "Her mind's running on the Scriptures; she's saying something about Jephthah's daughter."

Mrs. Jones and another woman exchanged glances across the hearth, and both shook their heads. "Ah!" said Mrs. Jones, "'taint the Scriptures she's thinking of when she talks of Jephthah's daughter."

"What else?" said rosy little Mrs. Blake, a new-comer to Crocksville, restraining a sudden leap of her infant towards the blaze.

Mrs. Jones looked up. "Did you never hear?" she asked in a low tone.

"Do tell! I never heard mention of anything."

Mrs. Jones lowered her voice to a solemn whisper, and began her tale.

III.

"There ain't many left here that remembers what happened over thirty years ago; I was a lump of a girl then, about fourteen or so, and one of the first things I remember is old Kitty Clark and her husband. They always lived just here, in this shanty; I don't believe there's been a mortal done to it since it was built, and it's fit to tumble down. She was always a queer sort o' body. I've heard my mother say that if you went in when she was setting the table, she'd clear the things right off again, and pretend she was washing up the dishes, just as if she was afraid you'd want to eat with her; and if her man or the boys (she had two them) come in, she'd keep them waiting till you was gone, she was that cur'ous and secret. Sam Clark, her husband, was a shiftless sort o' man; not that he wasn't fond enough o' money, or didn't try to make it, but he wasn't fond o' hard work, and had a turn for tradin' and speculatin', and when a man's that way, instead o' stickin' to his work regular, the money goes faster than it comes. They never got on. They worked this land on shares, and kept on year after year, and didn't seem to improve, till the boys was big enough to leave home, and then they went off to work on their own hook.

"Well, of course, thirty years ago this place was a sight different from what it is now; there was no store then within fifteen miles, and the roads was bad, so we was dependin' on peddlers for the most part of the things we wanted. They used to come round regular—the grocery peddler, and the dry-goods peddler, the tinman (he carried hardware mostly too,) and others besides, just as they do now, only a deal oftener, and their stocks was twixie as good. They was always a familiar sort o' men, and they brought the news of the town they came from, so people was generally glad to see them. They used to stop for the night at the last house they got to after dark, and pay for their board in some article of their trade when they was going away.

"I recollect one of them, by the name of Jephthah Murney. He came from Williamsburg, and dealt in jewelry and such-like trash. I didn't think it trash in those days, though; and I believe the girls thought more of Jephthah's visits than any one else's, and spent most of their savings with him. He was a foolish kind o' man; if he had a little money about him, he was sure to let you know just how much, and what he was going to do with it, and so on, as if he wasn't quite wise. 'You'd better quit that habit you've got of talking of your money, Jephthah,' says my mother to him one day, 'or you'll chance on some one who'll save you the trouble of carrying it.' But Jephthah only laughed, and went on just the same.

"He came round the last time in January thirty-two years ago. I mind it well, for there'd been an awful snow-storm, that had kept me two days and nights over at old Uncle Jake Fitcher's. When I come home on the third evening, mother told me Jephthah had been there. Well, I was real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckonin' on a pair of gold ear-rings he'd got, ever since his last visit, when I hadn't money enough to buy them; but mother comforted me. 'You can get 'em in the 'morning,' says she, 'for, Jephthah calculated he wouldn't get further than Kitty Clark's to-night, 'count o' the drifts bein' so bad.' Well, she kept talking of Jephthah. 'He'll be robbed some day, as sure as life,' says she. 'I never heard a man talk so foolish as he does, to be in his right mind. He told me to-day, he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was going to buy some land, and leave peddling.' But he'll be robbed first, if there's a ha'porth of roguery left in the world.'

"Well, the next morning, bright and early, I went over to Kitty Clark's. It was real cold, and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could, for the deep snow. When I knocked at the door, I heard a scuttery kind o' noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said, 'Come in.' When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she had an everlasting fire on the hearth, and a big pot over it, and there was an awful smotherin' smell like burned feathers or scorched woollen rags.'

Here Mrs. Jones paused to stir the gruel. Something in the last words had made Mrs. Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully round.

IV.

"Well, I looked round,' continued Mrs. Jones, 'but I didn't see no sign of Jephthah. 'Where's Jephthah Murney, Mrs. Clark?' says I. 'That's more'n I can tell you,' says she; 'he quit here this morning at daylight.' I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring him any nearer; so I said I'd have to wait till he came round next time. "When Jephthah Murney comes round again, you'll get ear-rings for nothing,' says Kitty; 'he's going to quit peddling, and buy a farm.' 'Yes,' says I, 'he told mother he had two hundred dollars yesterday.' 'Well,' says she, 'he didn't say here how much he had, only just what I tell you.' I didn't stay long, for she seemed to think me in the way; she kept fussin' round; but somehow she managed to be all the time between me and the cupboard door. Early as it was, the floor was fresh filed off, and the place red up as if it was afternoon.

"I guess it was four or five days after there was an alarm raised, where was Jephthah Murney? His horse and cutter was found loose on the road between this and Hawleyburg; but he was never seen or heard of again. Of course, there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kitty Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined very close; but they stuck to their story; and though the shanty was searched all over, and up and down, nothing was found that could show they had made away with him; but yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time they were suspected. A store in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jephthah's last trip, and some thought he done it, and absconded to the states. Maybe he did; but it's allays been my opinion, and a good many others' too, that if he did hook the money, he never carried it further than Kitty Clark's. I don't know why, but it always rested on my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, the fresh-washed floor, and the awful suffocatin' smell.

"It turned out that Jephthah had left one child, a girl about twelve years old. All he had was on him, and the child was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used her very bad, and one day that old Andrew Foyle went to Williamsburg, he took pity on her, and brought her back with him as bound girl. She was a pretty child, if it hadn't been for a scared look in her eyes, but she grew out of that; and when she was about nineteen, Andrew's son, Martin, took a fancy to her. She was a smart girl, so Andrew made no objections to the match, and she made a good wife for the little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin there, carrying on that way with Am'rilly Dollman."

"That'll be a match some day, I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Blake.

"Twould have been before this, if Martin had a farm of his own; but while he lives with his father old Dollman won't allow it."

"And so nothing was ever heard of the peddler?"

"Not a word. The Clarks got on better-some for a while. They seemed to have money, which looked queer, seeing how poor they'd always been; and they bought this farm. But then everything went wrong; the two boys died—one was killed by a tree falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which kept him to his bed for the rest of his life, which wasn't long. He was out of his head at the end, and Kitty never let any one near him-but herself. Since he died, she has lived alone, and shared the land. It's good land, and I should think she must have saved money. I wonder who she's left it to."

"Young Martin, perhaps."

"I guess not. She always had a sing'lar dislike to his mother. May be, her conscience told her why. No; it's more likely to be Am'rilly Dollman. She took a fancy to her when she was a child, and kept to it."

"Well, it'll come to pretty much the same thing which has it, so as one of them gets it," remarked Mrs. Blake.

A sudden stir in the corner made all look towards the bed. The invalid had opened her eyes, and raised herself, unaided, on her arm; for a moment or two she gazed round on the assemblage, as if not understanding their unwonted presence; then she broke into a laugh, harsh and loud: "Aha!" she cried in a shrill voice, "they looked everywhere but in the right place! Up and down, up chamber and down cellar, but they never thought of the north wall!" and sunk back exhausted.

A kind of shudder ran through the spectators. "My! ain't that awful?" said Bella Jones; while pretty Amaryllis shrunk, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurses' attention became absorbed in their charge. She, however, had again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

"She'll go off that way," said Mrs. Green. "She may linger a while, but she'll sleep her life out so. And now, as it's getting late, I think I'll clear out."

The clock, indeed, by this time announced that it was a most dissipated hour for the inhabitants of Crocksville; nothing but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for waking with the daylight, would have kept them so long from their rest. All now departed except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

V.

No one was surprised to hear the next morning that Kitty Clark was dead. She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preceding evening, which had evidently been the last effort of expiring nature. "She just went out like the snuff of a candle," Mrs. Jones remarked to those who came with inquiries and offers of assistance. That lady had taken on herself the office of superintending the preparations for the funeral, and was arrayed in her robes of state, a black silk gown, "which," as she had once observed, "was the convenientest dress you could have; it answered for everything from a wedding to a funeral;" the richness of the material adapting it for festive occasions, and its sober hue rendering it a suitable garb of mourning. There was considerable excitement in Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people were glad old Kitty had departed, but certainly they were glad that there was now the opportunity of gratifying the curiosity felt by all regarding the paper in Mr. Crocks' hands.

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there would have been nothing to do but discuss them; but Mr. Crocks said, "that, 'cordin' to rule, the will hadn't ought to be read till after the funeral," and sanctioned his intention of not making them public till the proper time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the consciousness of being the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonious formality; however, speculation and conjecture kept the interest alive.

It was surprising how many people found they could leave their work, "just for an hour or two," the next afternoon to attend the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more "in her ashes honored" than she had ever been in life. As Mrs. Jones remarked: "It was 'mazin' what folks would do for the sake of curiosity: there was old Jim White had never been known off his own place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing half through to hear the news an hour sooner." As old Kitty had neither kith nor kin, every one deemed him or her self to have a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be present. Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events, the land, more than fifty acres, in first-rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been "not quite right," no one could tell on what unlikely person her favor might have fallen.

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last. Mr. Crocks opened the important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to speak. The land was left to Stephen Dollman, in charge for his daughter Amaryllis till she should be of age, when it was to be hers unreservedly; the small stock of crazy furniture, the pig, the cow, and the money in an old leathern purse in the cupboard, amounting to about fifteen dollars, were Amaryllis's at once, unconditionally; the house itself, stripped of everything, was left to young Martin Foyle.

Every one was surprised, not at the first part, for Amaryllis had always been thought rather a favorite with the old woman; but all wondered that she had not left more money. "She never spent much, and she had ought to have made more out of the farm." Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning in it, except the freak of a crazy old woman. Kitty had known nothing of Martin; had hardly ever seen him; and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead; yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Martin laughed; he had expected nothing, and was not disappointed. Some congratulated Amaryllis, and some envied her; while old Mr. Dollman went out forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallows, and decide which were to be sown with barley, and which with wheat.

VI.

It soon appeared that Mrs. Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Mr. Dollman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amaryllis or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lovers sued in vain; the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties. Amaryllis endeavored to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance "that, as soon as the farm was quite hers, she would give it to him, and then"— But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amaryllis was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

In the meantime the summer was advancing, and Martin's shanty was a constant annoyance in Mr. Dollman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretched, rickety eyesore, and was, moreover, very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence. Martin, who had almost forgotten that the shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolition, but declined to part with the logs; most of them were rotten and of no use, but some would do for a shed he was putting up at home.

The next day, he began the work of destruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed secure repose for thirty years; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthless logs. Martin and his "man" worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down—it was part of the north wall, the only one which had been lined inside, on account, as people supposed, of its being most exposed to the cold wind; and as it would be more trouble than the rest, it had been left till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of his axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow, and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet what for a moment made him start. Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped—a paper parcel addressed to himself, a stained handkerchief marked "Jephthah Murney," part of a peddler's stock of old-fashioned jewelry, and a quantity of human bones.

The secret was discovered; the mystery which had puzzled Crocksville thirty years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and had kept their secret well. How much they repented, or whether they repented at all, could never be known. Their ill-gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death and that of her sons', had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them. Her hard savings were counted in the parcel for Martin Foyle; they amounted to seven hundred dollars, and were marked, "Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother." Kitty had made reparation, though in a strange and hardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement, and furnished matter of talk and wonder for a whole week. At the end of that time it became known that Mr. Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put up on the farm.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

There is a flower that pilgrims bring
From the forsaken Holy Land—
A dry, unsightly, faded thing,
Found buried in the desert sand.
Black, shrivelled, trodden under foot,
Long, long its sap has ceased to flow:
True emblem of a withered heart,
Is that dead Rose of Jericho.

And yet not Death, but Sleep has closed
Those petals of the Eastern flower,
For when you dip it in the stream,
The water has such living power,
That straight it opening blooms again,
As if it felt Spring's magic glow;
And while the bursting petals spread
Of this fair Rose of Jericho.

So in a second spring of Love,
A sleeping heart will often wake,
As April trees the winter's snows
Do from their budding branches shake.
It was for what it typified,
That pilgrims plucked, long years ago,
This mystic flower from out the sand
That buries fallen Jericho.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHAT WILL YOU BE?

Grandpa Everett had a birth-day party, to which all his grandchildren were invited. There were twelve of them present, brothers, sisters and cousins. After dinner, when they were tired of dessert and play, (for a bright child can easily get enough of fruit and frolic,) they gathered around their grandfather and asked him what they should do next. "Suppose you all sit down," he replied, "and tell me what you design to be when you are men and women. I shall not live to see that time, perhaps, but as I sit by the fire I can picture it out to myself, if you will give me a hint of what you mean to do."

So the children drew their chairs to the cosy fireside, and Helen said, "I will be a governess," and Fanny, "I will be a dressmaker," and Ella, "I will be a literary woman, and write novels, and become rich and famous." Then the boys had their turn; Richard would be an architect and build beautiful houses, and Phillip would be a gardener, like the first man that ate pears, and would supply all his kith and kin with flowers and fruit, and Andrew would be an editor, and take good care of the tree of knowledge and give them all a taste of its apples. So it went around till they came to Herbert, the oldest boy in the room.

Now Herbert's father lived in a large city and was worth a great deal of money; and Herbert wore very soft kid gloves and carried a little plaything of a cane. And when they asked him him "What will you be?" he said, pompously, "I shall be nothing in the world but a good fellow." The cousins laughed; "of course we shall all be good fellows," they said, "but we want to know what you will *do*?" Now Herbert did not see any reason why he should do anything, but as the others all laughed and waited, as if of course he would do something, he tried to think what his father's employment was, and he said at last, "I will be a speculator."

Now the children were too innocent to know what that might be, and they puzzled themselves over it with a great deal of merry wonder. They understood that Helen was to teach the little ones, and Fanny to make their frocks and sashes, and Ella to write stories for them; Richard was to build the prettiest house in the country, and Philip to supply the table with fruits and the vases with flowers, and Andrew to furnish any quantity of papers and magazines; but what good Herbert's speculations would do them they were at a loss to understand. So they gave it up, and asked grandpa Everett. "I will tell you," said the kind old man. "When you have got your beautiful home, your tasteful clothing and books and papers and fruits and flowers, Herbert will come and cheat you out of them all. To be a speculator is to make all honest, upright people work for you and to do nothing for them in return."—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ It is stated that the returns in the Medical Director's office show that since the war commenced 135,000 soldiers had been discharged from the army on surgeon's certificates. This, of course, does not include any one whose time was out, but comprises those whose health and physical inability to be a soldier prevented them from being of service in the army.

☞ At a funeral in the country, not far from Detroit, the officiating minister consoled with the bereaved parents "in the loss of this lovely daughter upon whose education they had lavished so much expense."

WEARINESS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Oh little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through deserts and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!
I, nearer to the way-side inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

Oh little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such restless and strong destinies!
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

Oh little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine!
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

"When I recovered my consciousness," said the man with the green shade, resuming his narrative after a short pause, during which he had refreshed himself with a draught of sherry from a travelling-flask,—"when I recovered my consciousness—after how long a time, whether days, weeks or months, it matters not here to say—I found myself in a sort of Castle of Indolence on a small scale, pleasantly situate in the midst of sunny gardens, and inhabited by a number of the most eccentric and crotchety individuals with whom it was ever my fortune to associate. Some of them, indeed, were so violently imbued with their pet theories and wild-goose ideas, that they had occasionally to be confined in rooms with barred windows; happily, however, these were the exceptions; the community, generally speaking, was an exceedingly quiet and well-behaved one; but still, as I said before, decidedly eccentric. After sojourning in this peaceful retreat for a short time, I quitted it for the commonplace world of men and things, and at once set about the great purpose of my life. That purpose, I need hardly say, was Revenge.

"Of the past I had forgotten nothing; it was photographed on my memory. I put my affairs in order as quickly as possible, and then set out in search of Cyprian and Louise. That I should, sooner or later, encounter them, I had not the slightest doubt; there was in my mind an unshaken conviction that we should ultimately meet again. What my revenge would be when I should encounter them, or how it would be accomplished, I neither knew nor cared: only let me find them, and the rest would surely follow.

"In a few weeks after quitting the Castle of Indolence, I was on my way to America, having naturally singled out that country as the one to which they had most probably fled. I spent two years in the States and Canada, in a quest that was unhasting but unresting; and then I returned to England, without having discovered a single trace of the fugitives. After resting at home for a few months, I resumed my search, taking the Continent this time as the ground of my operations; but I met with no success, and after many weary months of wandering I sailed once more for America, for I had a presentiment that there alone would my efforts be crowned with success. And I was right; for there, at length, I encountered Louise.

"I had been wandering about, aimlessly it might have seemed to a casual observer, but my eyes and ears were always open,—till, after a time, I found myself in a new and thriving city in one of the Western States. Some enterprising speculator had recently opened a theatre there; the new management was full of energy; and among other stars announced to appear was Mademoiselle Mercredi, the celebrated *danseuse* from Paris and New York. It was certainly not the fame of the young lady with the singular name that drew me to the theatre that evening; for, so far as I was aware, I had never either seen her or heard of her before; but merely the desire to while away a few hours pleasantly. Mademoiselle Mercredi was announced to appear between the comedy and the farce; and the moment she bounded on to the stage and bowed and smiled her thanks for the enthusiastic greeting of the audience, I knew that Louise Latarche was before me.

"She was somewhat changed, yet not a great deal, since I had seen her last, and was still an exceedingly lovely woman. Her form had rounded with years to a fuller symmetry, but not too much so for activity; her face was perhaps a little thinner than of yore, and, when I saw her afterwards, without the stereotyped stage smile, had a careworn and anxious expression. Whether she danced well or ill, I neither knew nor cared; but the spectators were evidently in raptures with her, and showered bouquets liberally around her. I gazed on her with calm satisfaction; I neither loved her nor hated her; but I had sworn to be revenged, and I would be a very Shylock in requiring payment to the utmost fraction. I sat shrouded behind a curtain in a stage-box on the lower tier; and as she pirouetted before me, so close sometimes that with my outstretched arm I could have grasped her by the skirts, I smiled to myself to think how it would have spoiled her dancing, for that evening at least, had I suddenly drawn back the curtain, and confronted her with the face of him she had so cruelly wronged.

"But I was not going to spoil my game by any such vulgar *coup*, which, after all, would have answered no purpose except to disconcert her for a short time, and endanger my own life; for I understood her well enough to know that the moment she became aware of my vicinity, she would not let a trifle stand in her way in her efforts to get rid of me. No; my revenge should be slow, gradual, refined; for her, a mental torture; for me, an intellectual gratification.

"My first step was to engage the same convenient box for the whole series of evenings on which Mademoiselle Mercredi was announced to appear. My second step was to send for Pierre, by French valet, and take him partially into my confidence. My instructions to him were as follows: to obtain a fashionable suit of clothes, and assume a fictitious name; to take up his quarters at the hotel where Mademoiselle Mercredi was staying, to learn, by cautious inquiries, all that he could respecting her habits and antecedents, the hours she went in and out, and what visitors she received; and, in brief, to act, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, as a continual spy on her actions. Pierre was a handsome knave, with insinuating manners, and well-bred, after a certain flashy standard; not altogether unknown in the states; he was a travelled man, too, and spoke two or three languages; and having supplied him with a well-filled purse, I did not doubt the success of his mission.

"I was well acquainted with the superstitious nature of Louise; I knew how firmly she believed in omens and apparitions, and voices from beyond the grave, and it was on her superstitious fears that I determined to work, after long consideration as to what form my revenge should take. I possessed, and do still, in great perfection, the art of ventriloquism; it was a natural gift, which I had assiduously cultivated, merely for my own amusement and that of my friends, when a youth at home, till I had arrived at a surprising degree of proficiency in it; and it was this quality which I now determined to put to account. On the following evening I reached the theatre by the time the comedy was over, and had not long to wait before Mademoiselle Mercredi bounded on to the stage, radiant and smiling. She had got about half way through her performance, and was balancing herself for an instant on the extreme tips of her toes, when—still ensconced behind my curtain—I threw forward my voice against the wing near which she was standing, and called her by her name—the name of other days—'Louise Latarche!'

"She started, and turned pale even beneath her paint; and turning round quickly, gazed with scared and anxious eyes in the direction from which the voice had appeared to come. It was only for an instant, however, that she forgot where she was; the next she bounded forward, and after giving in rapid succession a few passages more brilliant and daring than any she had hitherto favored her admirers with, disappeared for the evening, and nothing could induce her to come forward again.

"Next evening found me in my place as before; and selecting my moment, I again pronounced her name, and coupled my own with it. Again she was visibly discomposed; and it evidently required a considerable effort on her part to struggle through the remainder of her performance. The third evening I left her unmolested; but on the fourth I asked her a simple question: 'What have you done with Cyprian Wick?'

"She shrieked aloud, and fell to the ground insensible. I could not understand why a question, apparently so trivial, should be received with an emotion evidently so much in excess of that which had greeted my previous communications; and from that moment I was more determined than ever to ferret out the history of her life, if it were possible to do so, from the hour when she and Cyprian had fled away, up to the moment when I so unexpectedly encountered her again.

"Pierre came to me a few mornings later to report progress. He had succeeded beyond my expectations.

"With Mademoiselle Mercredi lived a Creole woman named Julie, ostensibly her maid, but in reality her companion and confidante. Pierre, in pursuit of the duties I had charged him with, had made it his business to fall desperately in love with this woman. His handsome face, his dashing manners, his jewelry, and the style in which he lived, attracted her southern fancy; and she was not long in letting him perceive that his liking was reciprocated. Pierre, who was not a fellow to let trifles stand in his way, quickly got so far into her good graces as to be admitted of an evening into the boudoir of Mademoiselle, while that lady was engaged at the theatre, there to prosecute his love-making more at ease. What more natural than that a mulatto to handsome and accomplished should occasionally form the subject of conversation? and Pierre was not long in getting out of Julie nearly all that she knew respecting the antecedents of Mademoiselle Mercredi. Her mistress had not always gone by that name, said Julie; but was in reality a married lady, though separated from her husband. Where the husband was, and why they had separated, she professed not to know. Mademoiselle had not been well during the last few days; had been troubled with bad dreams at night; had hinted something about mysterious voices that she sometimes heard; and was, altogether, in a very desponding frame of mind.

"Mademoiselle Mercredi was indisposed, and did not appear for three evenings after I put to her the question respecting Cyprian Wyck. The evening of her return, I remained mute; but on the second evening I again addressed her. Two days later she threw up her engagement, and suddenly quitted the town, accompanied by Julie. But I was not going to let her escape thus, and the day following that of her flight saw mine also. We went away a hundred miles farther south, to a little town where Louise had a brief engagement. Pierre, who pretended that he was drawn by love to follow in the steps of Julie, again established himself in proximity to her, but always kept carefully out of the way of her mistress. As far as I could make out, the Creole all but worshipped him; and the influence he had obtained over her in a few weeks was almost unlimited.

"At this theatre, as at the other one, I secured a box close to the stage. During the first and second nights of her performance I left Louise undisturbed, and sat a mute and unseen spectator of her efforts; but on the third evening the mysterious voice, which she doubtless began to hope would not trouble her again, once more whispered in her ear. I chose a moment during the performances of the ballet when she is supposed to be reclining asleep on a couch of flowers; the crowd of attendant *corpphees* have gone through their evolutions, and disappeared behind the wings: to strains of soft music the princess slowly awakes. The violin and flute, having got a few exquisite bars to themselves, are making the most of them; the princess is just raising a languid arm to brush the dewy weight of slumber from her brow, when the voice addresses her: 'You thought to escape me, but I am here. You can never escape me. Through life, wherever you go, I shall be near you. Murderess! where is your husband?'

"It was a random shot, but it struck home.

"Still the violin and flute discoursed sweet music; but the princess moved not on her rosy couch. Again the orchestra went through the introduction, but still she did not stir. The prompter called her as loudly as he dared; but there came no response. At length a nymph danced up to her couch, and then it was discovered that she had fainted.

"Mademoiselle Mercredi appeared on that stage no more; but a few days later she and Julie set out for a large town, nearly two hundred miles away, in another state. Not even Julie knew, when they set out, to what spot they were bound; but a telegram reached Pierre the following day, and a few hours later we were in full pursuit. Here again I allowed her a respite for two nights before she heard the haunting voice, and here again, after a few days, she had to throw up her engagement on the plea of ill health.

"It was somewhere about this time that I asked Pierre whether he could obtain for me the amulet of amber which Mademoiselle Mercredi wore night and day round her neck, and which she regarded with such superstitious reverence.

"'*Certainement;* nothing easier,' he replied. 'All that is required is for the deft fingers of Julie to measure out a few extra drops of opium which Mademoiselle has lately taken to imbibing of an evening; then, during the heavy sleep which will ensue, Julie can readily purloin the amulet from the neck of her mistress, and in the morning, when Mademoiselle awakes, no one will know anything about it. *Voilà tout!*'

"So the amulet of amber came into my possession.

"It is unnecessary for me to detail how we wandered about from city to city and from state to state during the next few months. Wherever Louise and Julie went, there I and Pierre were sure to follow; and whenever the former appeared in public, so surely, with few exceptions, was she haunted by that strange voice which had now become the dread and terror of her life. And yet the device was such a simple one!

"Julie did not fail to let Pierre know how greatly her mistress was changed; how her appetite was gone; how her sleep failed her; how she disliked being left alone after dark; and how the *rouge* had to be laid on thicker every week, to conceal the deepening hollows in her cheeks. When she discovered the loss of her amulet, she sank down into a dull stupor of despair, from which she did not arouse herself for two days. Now that her safeguard was gone, the future could contain nothing for her but misfortune and ruin. Julie was never for a moment suspected of having taken it; Louise, indeed, was unsuspicious of any one, but put down her loss to *distrait*, and she thinks so generally.

"After many wanderings from place to place, and tortuous windings to and fro, we came at length to New Orleans, where Mademoiselle Mercredi had danced before; and on this, her second visit, she received a flattering welcome to the scene of her previous triumphs. Latterly I had begun to tire of these ceaseless wanderings; the continual pursuit of this woman was growing distasteful to me, though I was slow to acknowledge it. Why not let the poor wretch live in peace? I frequently asked myself. Then again, as I lay in bed, sleepless, in the hot sultry nights, my old familiar demons would often come trooping round me, and would jeer at me and deride me, because I was growing weary of my revenge; and at such times I would determine to go on till I had hunted Louise into her grave; but daybreak and the rising sun brought better thoughts. My mind being thus divided, it so happened that I went but once to the theatre while Louise was there, and then I sat and watched her in silence.

"I was rambling about the streets one morning without any definite purpose in view, when I saw Louise slowly approaching from the opposite direction. I stepped into a doorway for a moment to avoid being seen by her. Close to where I stationed myself stood an old man, nearly blind, and with a hungry, famished look in his poor pinched face, making believe to sell some trifle or other, but in reality begging. Louise, when she came up, stopped in front of him and felt for her purse, first in one pocket and then in another; and having found it, she took out a coin, and laid it, with a few muttered words of sympathy, in the old man's hand, who was so surprised by the magnitude of the gift that he forgot to thank her till it was too late. This act, simple and commonplace enough though it was, touched me I hardly know how. Some strange soft influence began to work at my heart, raising up thoughts and feelings to which I had been a stranger for years; and then and there I took an oath to myself to cease for ever from my idle and foolish persecution of Louise, who, whatever her faults might have been, had erred more through the unhappy influence of another than of her own accord. I determined to go and see her the following day; to explain everything to her; to restore to her the amulet; and then to bid her farewell for ever.

"But when I called next morning at the hotel where Louise was staying, I was informed that she was too much indisposed to see any one. The following morning she was worse, and the morning after that worse still. I waited a day or two longer, and then I waylaid the doctor as he stepped out of the hotel; but from him I could obtain no definite opinion—merely a grave look, a shake of the head, and a few courteous words that might mean anything or nothing. I determined to wait no longer, so I sent up my name, which I had not done before, with a message that I wished to see Mademoiselle Mercredi on business of importance. After waiting a few minutes, I was ushered upstairs into a small room, where Louise lay on a couch near the window. We were left alone. How terribly changed she was!—changed in so short a time from the smiling and brilliant favorite of the public whom I had gazed on but a few nights before, to the fragile wreck and shadow of a woman prematurely old which now lay on the couch before me. A burning flush overspread her face as I approached her; a faint cry burst from her lips; she shivered and turned to the wall.

"'Louise, I am come to see you once more,' I said, taking her hand in mine. 'I am sorry to find you so ill.'

"She turned to me a white face, wet with tears; a weak wintry smile flickered round her lips as she replied:

"'This is kind of you, George. But you always were kind; far more so than I deserved. But how did you find me out?'

"'I found you out long ago, Louise. I have seen you perform many times, though you little thought that I was so near.'

"'Ah, me! How old scenes and old fancies fluttered freshly in my memory as I stood talking to her!

"'All that is over now, George. You will never see me on the stage again.'

"'Don't say so, Louise. You will appear there for many years to come; though I shall not be there to see you.'

"'I know and feel differently, George. For months past I have been haunted by a strange voice—my own conscience, it seemed to me, finding a voice on the lips of some unseen being. *That* I take as a warning that my end is near. Then, again, I have lost my amulet; and worse, far worse than all else, I have that on my mind which makes life a weary burden, and renders death fearful.' She squeezed my hand convulsively. 'George! George! let me whisper it in your ear—I poisoned Cyprian! Yes; I—I that loved him so madly. Yes; he went away with another woman; left me penniless and a stranger in a great city. Somebody gave me money, and I went after him, hundreds of miles away. I saw him; I went down on my knees to him—I, that was once so proud. I implored him not to desert me; but he only laughed at me, and pushed me away with his foot. Then I got up, and went quietly out. But that night there was poison in his drink. I heard them say he was dying, and then I fled away, and ever since then I have been fleeing away—from myself. The world thought me happy; but I was what you see me now; only now I have given up the struggle.'

"We both remained silent for some moments. Louise lay back, exhausted with the effort of speaking.

"'George, this is our last meeting,' she began again, in a weak, imploring voice. 'You will not go away without saying that you forgive me? I could have been happy with you, and have learnt in time to love you, had not *he* stepped in between us. You will forgive me, George, won't you?'

"'*If* is come to a question of forgiveness, Louise, there is much that I ought to ask your pardon for.'

"'My pardon, George?'

"'Then I told her everything, and by what simple means I had played upon her fears. 'And see, here is your amulet,' I said, drawing the trinket from my bosom, 'which I mischievously caused to be stolen from you. And that my hidden virtues it may possess will be—'

"'But she was not listening to me, but gazing with horror-struck face and wide-staring eyes at some object behind me. I turned to look.

"'Cyprian Wick!'

"'The same, my dear George, and very much at your service; come, too, at an opportune moment it appears. What, the venerable amulet again! I am really tired of seeing it. Let me test its virtues once for all.'

"It was out of my hand in an instant, and on the floor, and his heavy heel came down on it with a crunching sound. The same moment, from the heart of crushed amber, a black speck flew up into my left eye, which seemed to pierce my brain as though with an envenomed bolt. A thousand torches appeared to flash before my eyes; the agony was exquisite; and covering my face with my hands, I sank down with my head on the side of the couch. I heard Cyprian address Louise; but the words sounded dull and far away, so intense was the pain under which I suffered; and it was only by an effort that I could afterwards recall them.

"'So, madame,' he said, 'you are playing out your old game to the last, it appears. Even your death-bed must have its flirtations. No, I did not die—no thanks to you, though. Then you are happy? I am glad to hear it. What—going already? Nay, gone! Sudden—as it should be with all of us. Well, *bon voyage!* And so the curtain falls.'

"When I rose up, still dazzled and staggering with pain, Cyprian was gone, and Louise lay dead on the couch. I pressed one kiss on her cold forehead, and then left her.

"I sought Cyprian high and low for a week, but nowhere could I find a trace of him. Not the less unshaken was my conviction that we should ultimately meet again.

"A month later I sailed for England; but my old friends the demons, the little brown hairy men, always fond of mischief, raised a storm,—a terrible storm,—which knocked us about fearfully, and drove us here and there, and blew us at last clean out of the water, and landed me, for one, in that quaint little Castle of Indolence of which mention has been already made, where I was well tended and cared for, till I had thoroughly recovered from the effects of that terrific blow. When I came to myself, I was very much surprised to discover that I had got but one eye left, for the eye struck by the black poisonous speck from the amulet had withered away. So I had some glass eyes made—*see*, this is one of them."

My strange companion pushed up the green shade which he wore, and with finger and thumb nimbly extracted his glass eye; and having exhibited it for a moment on the palm of his hand, dexterously replaced it.

"'Yes, sir,' he continued; "I had several eyes made, of different colors—red, brown, green, black, what not; and according to the mood in which I am, so is the color of my eye. You will observe that my eye this evening is green, which indicates that my mood is melancholy and bilious, and that a trifle would move me to tears. This shade I wear merely to deceive the world; for it would never do to let *Mrs.* Grundy know that I vary my eyes so frequently; I should be set down at once as being fickle and unstable—as a man on whom no dependence could be placed. But I am wandering, am I not? *Revenons!*

"Several years have passed since my meeting with Cyprian Wick; but my desire to be revenged on him is as fresh and lively as ever. Three weeks ago I encountered him in a crowd near the Bank of England. He did not see me. I soon contrived to learn all about him; where he lives; how he passes his time; and everything needful for me to know. He meets me by appointment at eleven o'clock to-morrow night—to hear of something to his advantage. He little dreams who will be there to greet him. To-morrow I shall wear my red-eye, for Mars will be in the ascendant. To-morrow I shall sheathe this dagger in the heart of Cyprian Wick!"

He ceased speaking. The lamp in the roof was momently growing dimmer, and threatened, at no very distant time, to go out altogether. I shrank within myself with terror at the thought of being alone in the dark with my strange companion. That he was a lunatic, I could no longer doubt; and into what savage form of madness his fancies might urge him, it was impossible even to guess. We were still speeding through the country on a headlong pace, and judging by the time which my mysterious narrative had taken in the telling, and by one or two familiar features of the landscape that I descried through the window as we passed them, I calculated that we must by this hour must still elapse before we could arrive at our station. And in half an hour many things might not happen! I turned from the window, and looked at my companion. Was the narrative of his wrongs correct? or had he been an unfavorable object on his mind; for there was a dark mood on his brow, and his eye savagely gleaming the dagger of one hand, as though he would have wreaked some spite right had they been the presents of any one but himself. What ought I to do to put him in a good humor and keep him quiet? Alas, what could I do in an express train going at forty miles an hour? Tell him some humorous stories, was the idea that first suggested itself to my mind; but for the life of me I couldn't remember one. And still he kept on recording, and savagely biting his finger-nails. Thirty minutes of mental misery were evidently before me. What would I not have given just then to have seen the welcome lights of the station shining in the distance!

While I was still glancing furtively at him, the mood of my companion changed, the frown vanished from his face, and he burst into a great fit of laughter, which seemed to shake the carriage, so loud and hearty was it, and to merge itself naturally into the rough music of the train. Again he laughed, and slapped his huge thigh; then bending forward, he shouted:

"I've got an idea! Such a capital idea!—ha! ha! Shall I tell it you?"

I nodded assent: it was all I could do.

"Oh, a grand idea! You are a good-natured fellow. I could see that from the moment I set eyes on you; and I want you to do me a little favor—not much between friends; a very little favor—he, he!—and I know you won't refuse me." In a moment his laughter was over, vanishing as instantaneously as it had come; and looking into my face with a threatening eye, as he laid his hand heavily on my knee, "You won't refuse me, will you?" he asked.

"Tell me what it is that you require," I contrived to stammer out. "Anything in reason I shall be happy to do for you."

"In reason! That's just it. Oh, yes; what I want you to do is decidedly in reason."

His hand was fumbling in his vest again, and, as he spoke he slowly drew from its resting-place his terrible poniard, and waved it gently once or twice before my eyes. I shrank farther away from him into the corner of my seat, and held my breath.

"Listen. It's a mere trifle that I require. You know that I am on my way to meet Cyprian Wick; that with this poniard I intend to stab him to the heart. In the hands of my friend the emir this little weapon saw some service; in mine it has seen none. I have not proved it; it doesn't feel at home in my fingers. Now, in order that I may make myself thoroughly master of it, and so obviate the slightest risk of failure when I come to rely on it for carrying out the great purpose of my revenge, it is eminently necessary for me to experimentalize with it,—to get my hand in, as a mechanic would say; and you are the person, my dear sir, whom I have selected as a fit and proper object for my maiden effort."

He gave me a smile and a little nod of the head as he concluded, and then leant back in his seat with a self-satisfied air, as though he had been revealing to me an easy method of making my fortune.

I was incapable of reply. I could do nothing but stare at him in blank horror and amazement. Still forward sped the train, tearing madly away on its headlong course. But to me how terribly slow it seemed to go! Was every second in reality carrying me nearer to that blessed haven where we should stop? or was I not, indeed, rushing desperately away from it, farther into night and chaos, amid shrieks and cries from the fleshless lips of a thousand lunatic ghosts? I had to assure myself by a glance through the window that we were really travelling in the right direction; and I strove to compose my mind, which I felt was fast losing its balance, by thinking of my little ones at home. It was just the time when they would be kneeling at their mother's knee; and there was I cooped up alone with a desperate madman, who hungered for my life.

When he caught my eye, he stooped forward again.

"You are rather timid, I see," he observed. "You are naturally of a nervous temperament; but there is no cause for alarm, I assure you. One strong swift stroke just above the fifth rib will, unless I am much mistaken, do the business neatly and thoroughly. Nothing unsightly; nothing that need shock the most fastidious taste. A minute perforation; a little internal haemorrhage,—that is all. And as for pain—a momentary spasm, not nearly so bad as the extraction of a double-tooth."

He smiled again—a diabolical smile; and then, drawing from his pocket a highly-scented white cambric handkerchief, he proceeded to rub the blade of the poniard with it in such a quiet, business-like way, breathing on the weapon occasionally to assist in

giving it egotism, that I shuddered and turned faint as I watched him. When his head down, he replaced his handkerchief in his pocket, and turning to me, said, in a bland voice, "Are you ready?"

Hardly as I was now watching him, a wild whirl of thoughts was racing through my brain; but even in the midst of my terror and distress I could not help noticing how the noise and roar of the train made a sort of rough music, moving to the measure of a wild Irish air which I had not heard for several years, and which I even caught myself following once or twice while my companion was rubbing his pouked; the same tune repeated over and over again without ceasing, and forming a sort of ludicrous undercurrent, which ran through all the busy rush of my thoughts.

My companion was probably unaware how soon the train would reach a station. Was there no possibility of temporising with him? I had read of lunatics who had been beguiled from their purpose by some simple expedient, invented on the spur of the moment; and in some effort of that kind lay my only apparent chance of escape. Once more came the bland question, "Are you ready?"

"Excuse me for one moment," I said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; "but before acceding to your trifling request, you will perhaps favor me with another of your admirable cigars. I have not smoked say equal to them for a long time, and I candidly confess that I should like, by way of a final luxury, to enjoy the flavor of another."

How I got the words out, I don't know.

"By all means," he replied, with a smile. "They are rather choice, and I am glad you have the good taste to appreciate them." He brought out his cigar-case and opened it. "By the great god Pan, I have not another left!" he exclaimed. My last chance of life seemed to fade away as he spoke. "Stay!" he added, the next moment; "though my havannahs are all gone, I have here a few cigarettes made of genuine Latakia-leaf. Try one. They are not bad."

He handed me one. It was about as thick as my pemholder, and as long as my little finger.

He struck a match for me, and I lighted the cigarette. He then sank back in his seat, and putting up his hand before his face, pretended to be absorbed in thought; but I could feel his terrible eye glaring at me from between his outspread fingers.

The white house by the mill! It flashed out on me for a moment, like the pleasant face of a friend, as we shot past it. In fifteen minutes more we ought to be at the station. But how to make my cigarette last fifteen minutes? Very slowly and very gently did I exhale its warm fragrant breath through my lips. Momentarily, although invisibly, the white ash at its tip lengthened; and as it increased in size, so did my last frail hold on life seem to lessen, and I saw the inevitable end silently but sure drawing near.

With that terrible eye fixed on me from the opposite corner, I durst not for an instant cease to inhale the smoke. Already, as I held the cigarette, it grew warm to my lips. It was half gone, and the station was still six miles away. As if to add to the horror of my situation, the lamp in the roof of the carriage, which had given but a flickering and uncertain light from the first, had now sunk down to a small point of flame, yielding a dull yellow light, in which objects that afforded no contrast of colors were barely distinguishable. The ruby on my companion's finger gleamed blood-red in the gathering gloom. Through the steady iron tramp of the train I still heard the same wild Irish air crooned out, which repeated itself again and again without variation. I endeavored to concentrate my thoughts, to call them home, and fix them definitely on that point to which my life seemed so rapidly tending; but never had so many wild and vagrant fancies flitted through my brain in so short a time before.

And yet, through all these irrelevant vagaries of the mind, a strong sense of the horror and hopelessness of my situation never left me for an instant. If for one moment a thought of resistance crossed my mind, it was dismissed as the idlest of all idle fancies. Personally I am but small of stature and weak of sinew, while my companion had the limbs and thews of a giant.

My cigarette was three-parts consumed, and still no signs of the station. Suddenly the engine gave a long, loud shriek, and we dashed into the mouth of a tunnel. The light in lamp flared up at the same instant, and the next sank into darkness. The red glow of my cigarette was all that was now visible in the intense blackness; but I felt intuitively that my companion's one eye was fixed expectantly on me, waiting for the moment when the last spark should disappear. Not many moments longer could I possibly keep it alight. Already it was so hot to my lips that I was obliged to hold it with my teeth alone; and soon even that would be an impossibility. A few hundred yards on the other side of the tunnel was the station at which we were to stop, and it was just possible that we might reach it before my companion attempted to put his fatal purpose into execution. The terrible anxiety of those few minutes can never be forgotten by me.

I could scarcely believe that it was so, but surely the train was slackening speed, and again the engine sent forth its shrill warning cry,—loud enough and shrill enough, it seemed, to bring down the roof of the tunnel on our heads. Slower and slower! Gradually we came within the circle of a red glare of light which filled the carriage; and, without being aware that my gaze moved for an instant from the opposite corner where my mad companion was sitting, I saw, or seemed to see, a large fire flaming in a recess of the tunnel, and grouped round it a number of men with implements in their hands, looking, by that light, more like a troop of fiends in some demoniac scene of an opera, than aught so human and commonplace as a gang of plate-layers repairing the line. The red glare from the fire in the recess faded out of the carriage, and we passed on into the thick darkness of the tunnel. The train began to gather speed again. I had reached the very last point of my cigarette; I could hold it no longer, not even between my teeth. It dropped from my mouth to the floor, and the next moment I heard my companion's labored breathing, and felt his hot breath against my cheek, as he bent towards me; and while I instinctively held up my arm to ward off the expected blow, and was drawing myself up for a spring at his throat, he shrieked hoarsely in my ear,

"Did you not see him?'

"See whom?" The words came dry and husky from my parched throat.

"Cyprian Wick!"

"No."

"I saw him! He was there—surrounded by fiends, warming his hands over the flames. Ha, ha! I shall have him yet. But tell me—tell me,"—and he grasped my arm like a vice,—"do not three and three make six?"

"They do."

"Then it was he! Oh, devil! you shall not escape me this time. At last we meet again!"

Another wild burst of fiendish laughter; and then I heard nothing save the ceaseless roar of the train, which, reaching the mouth of the tunnel a few moments later, shot into the milder darkness of the autumn night, and again slackening speed, came finally to a stand amid the bustle and lights of the station which I had never expected to reach alive. The train was still in motion, when, as we passed a signal-man's box, the rays of his lamp falling direct into the carriage showed me that the seat opposite mine was empty. My companion was no longer there! Coming next moment into the fuller light of the station lamps, I was enabled to ascertain that I was in reality the sole inmate of the carriage. Sinkinson had disappeared; but how and when I could not imagine.

But the how and the when were, just at that time, secondary questions; it was enough for me that he was gone. My overwrought nerves gave way; the lapse from the state of horror and dread in which I had passed the last half-hour, to the blissful assurance of life and safety, was more than I could bear. I sank back in my seat in a state of partial unconsciousness, oblivious of all surrounding objects, knowing and feeling only that I was safe.

When I again awoke to a full consciousness of my position, a fresh lamp had been placed in the carriage; we had quitted the station, and the train was once more speeding rapidly on its way. Yes; it was a blissful reality; my late companion had certainly vanished! But what was that strange-looking little object on the floor? I stooped and picked it up. It was Sinkinson's glass eye—the very eye he had shown me while telling his story! If any doubts as to the reasonableness of my late fears,—if any thought that what I had suffered was nothing more than a fearful dream—had ever crossed my mind, they were at once and forever dissipated by the finding of the tiny object I now held between my fingers.

Again the question put itself to me: How had my companion got away? The only way by which he could go was through the window; and he must have gone after the lamp went out, and while the train was in the tunnel, otherwise I could not have failed to see him. Dooming that he saw the man of whom he was in pursuit among the crowd of faces round the fire in the tunnel, (indeed his words revealed that such was the case,) he must have leapt headlong through the window, intending to go back in search of him. Was he hurt? Was he killed? It seemed almost impossible to take such a leap and live.

Once more I looked carefully round, under the seats, everywhere, half expecting to find some other relic of my late companion; but I could see nothing more—no, as I live, not even the box of jewelry which I had placed in the net above my head at the commencement of my journey, but which was certainly no longer there.

I searched every nook and corner of the carriage; but to no purpose. The box had vanished as mysteriously as my mad companion; and from that day to this I have never seen either of them.

I quitted the train at the next station and returned home a sadder and a poorer man. The case was put into the hands of the police, but nothing ever came of it. Years have elapsed since these events took place, and I have pondered much upon them at various times; but whether my travelling companion was in reality a lunatic, having the object in view as told in his story, or whether he was nothing more than a clever thief, is a point which I can never settle to my satisfaction. A mystery it is, and a mystery it is likely to remain.

Looking round as I write these lines, the glass eye on the chimney-piece—which I have not failed carefully to preserve—meets my glance with a knowing Mephistopheles leer, absolutely seeming to wink at me, as if to intimate that it could tell me all about my lost jewelry, and my mysterious travelling companion, if it chose to do so. I wish it would.

T. S.

THE DOVE OF HOPE.—A white dove perched on the window guard of a young lady patient's room, in our city institution for the insane, for three successive nights, coming at nightfall and going at daybreak, which she and other patients fed with bread crumbs. This incident suggested the following verses, composed by herself, which we gladly publish:—

Why seek this iron bar for rest,
Thou little bird with snowy breast?
Dost know that those who dwell within
Are 'pressed with grief and stained with sin?

Thou little harbinger of light,
Glad promise of a life more bright,
Thou didst to us a healing bring
Upon thy pure, thy spotless wing.

Our daily bread we share with thee,
A joy we feel that *thou* art free;
No sin hath fettered thee, sweet dove,
All purity, and peace, and love.

I thank my God, that in my grief
Thou cam'st to me and brought relief,—
That, in my anguish and my pain,
Thou cam'st and gave me *hope* again.

ANGIE.

☞ The custom of smoking by women has lately been introduced in England, and, according to the Court Journal, "is likely to become very prevalent." That authority says:—"Fashion holds such a tyrannic sway over society that we need never be surprised at seeing the most astounding changes of manners, customs and dress brought about through its magic influence. Ladies belonging to the *creme de la creme* of society have introduced cigarettes. We could mention the names of many of England's aristocratic daughters who openly indulge in mild Latakia."

☞ The rebels are hard up for literary talent. Their organ in London, the Index, is edited by a Swiss, and their organ in Richmond, the Enquirer, is edited by an Irishman—the renegade Mitchel.

☞ Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white, and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

☞ Apples keep best when left upon the trees until quite late in the season. A white frost, and even a slight freezing will not injure them. Pick carefully, and leave them in the orchard or out-house to sweat for a few days, and only take to a cool dry cellar when there is danger of their being injured by hard frost.

☞ The Lord Chancellor of England has been appealed to to support Mr. Pepper in his right to a patent for his "Ghost." Those who contested this claim, being three in number, offered to show that the invention by which the spectral illusions are produced is very old, that Herr Dobler, the celebrated conjurer, as far back as 1845, pretended to be the inventor, when one Palmer exhibited it for his benefit, at Margate. The Chancellor himself remarked in the course of the hearing that he remembered seeing the same thing when a boy, 53 years ago, when it was exhibited by Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, an account of it being published at the time. Nothing had been decided, at latest accounts, as to the power of Mr. Pepper to maintain his patent, and it was thought that that gentleman will have to fight hard for his ghost.

☞ A MILE A MINUTE.—An eagle was recently observed by a traveller to fly from one Alpine peak to another, five miles apart, in precisely five minutes.

☞ The Russian Admiral Lessoffsky pays Admiral Farragut the high compliment of calling him "the most remarkable and successful naval leader of the age."

☞ Artemus Ward thinks it is a hard thing not to have a wife—no gentle heart to get up in the morning and build the fire.

☞ UNFORTUNATE.—The Albany Knickerbocker relates that there is one man in Poughkeepsie who has been rather unfortunate during the past few weeks. Within that time he has been drafted, married and burned out. He might have recovered from the draft and the burn; but the marriage settled him.

☞ New York harbor is now so well defended that eight hundred guns could be brought to bear, rakingly, upon a vessel that should attempt to enter it for purposes of destruction.

☞ It has been truly said that "we reckon the progress of our lives by sensations, not years," and an anecdote related by a friend very happily illustrates the truth of the maxim. A young man "down East" was asked his age—to which he answered: "Wall, I don't know exactly, but I have had the seven year itch three times."

☞ A contraband servant in Cincinnati was sent to the market for a porterhouse steak, which proved to be very tough. The gentleman asked him what sort of a steak he ordered. "A *boarding-house steak*, sah," he replied.

THE CAKE;

OR, GOING UP HELVELLYN.

Mr. and Mrs. Billing (of the great firm of Billing and Cooing, who have a more than European reputation) were staying of late at the Low Wood Hotel on Windermere in the Lake country of England. Mrs. B. had only obtained that wished-for title a very few days before; on the Wednesday-week previously (to be precise) she had been the beautiful and accomplished Miss Syphorins; in other words, they were "neogsms"—as the bridal pairs in the locality have been designated by a gentleman from one of the universities who is accustomed to take pupils into the fastnesses of this district. The Clearing Shower had lasted for a considerable period; and without suggesting that Mr. and Mrs. B. were in the least degree tired of one another's company in the Low Wood bower, they hailed the approach of settled fine weather (which sometimes really lasts for days) with some enthusiasm. Up to that date, their out-door diversions had been almost limited to a game at bowls in that charming green by the water-side, where players are always to be seen in pairs, with one eye only fixed upon the jack—the other refusing to be divorced, even for a second, from the beloved object; besides that, they had fished in the lake (under one large umbrella) for perch, but with such ill-success, that Miss—we beg her pardon—Mrs. Billing had begun to wonder whether it wasn't *cruel* of dearest Augustus (who always baited for her) to put a hook through the back of those poor minnows. So when the mountain mists began to clear away in the magnificent manner I have attempted to describe, and the western horizon at night began to assume that hue which is said to be "the shepherd's delight," as indicative of a fine day on the morrow, Mr. and Mrs. B. determined to make the most of it.

"My darling love," cried Mr. B., who, with his adored one, was standing in that little niche above the coffee-room which is more sacred than the habitation of any stone saint in the calendar to all who have passed their honeymoon at Low Wood—"my darling love, what say you to our going up Helvellyn to-morrow?"

"My dearest Gus," responded the lady, with ready acquiescence—they had scarcely been married a fortnight, we must remember—"whatever pleases you is sure to please me."

They put their heads into the window for a moment, doubtless for a purpose that is too sacred to be made a jest of in these columns, and then reappeared in the balcony.

The present writer, then a bachelor, with only a cigar to comfort him, happened to be lounging in the neighborhood, and both heard with envy every syllable of this conversation, and was a malignant witness of the estrangement that eventually followed.

"We can drive to Grasmere, I am told, and then ascend without a guide," continued the male turtle-dove; "it will be pleasanter to be alone, my own Poppetty, will it not?"

"My darling Gus, be quiet. People can see us, remember. There's a horrid man somewhere quite near; I can smell his abominable cigar."

I withdrew hastily to leeward, wondering within myself whether any well-principled clergyman could possibly have christened a female infant Poppetty. What godmother could have desired it? What father could have sanctioned it? Nay, what imagination could, in the first instance, have conceived it?"

"Then that is settled," resumed Augustus, without expressing that sympathy with the excursus against tobacco, which, I rather imagine, was expected of him. "The carriage will wait at Grasmere, and bring us back, love, to an early dinner."

"I think, my dear Gus, that we had better take something with us," observed the charmer, with some decision.

"Certainly, if you wish it, my pet; I will take a bag of biscuits; sandwiches get so unpleasant when kept in the pocket."

"I don't very much care for biscuits, dear Gus."

"Then we will have a cake, my darling—a nice large round plum-cake. I chanced to see one in the larder this very morning. It will just fill the new satchel which I brought home for these pedestrian expeditions. When we get to the top of the hill, we will divide it, unless my love is greedy, and then she shall have it all."

Unaccustomed as was my ear at that time to the variations of the female tone, I thought the reply: "Just as you please, Gus," did not altogether express satisfaction; yet I was far from attaching to it that dreadful significance which the accents of demure resignation in a wife possess for every husband. Augustus, however, was entirely ignorant of the volcanic nature of his new acquisition, and left the room to bespeak that cake without the least misgiving. The next morning, I beheld the devoted pair start in a car upon their expedition, the male carrying upon his shoulders a sort of knapsack, much distended by a round substance, which I rightly concluded to be the cake.

They arrived at that humble Grasmere inn which had received Scott, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and poor Hartley Coleridge a hundred times beneath its roof, and at a short distance from which the ascent of Helvellyn commences. There they left their vehicle, and began their toilsome task, at first cheerfully and with elastic tread, but presently with plodding steps and almost in total silence, as is the case in every expedition of the sort.

All mountain-trips begin in gladness, but thereof come in the end—and sometimes before folks get half-way—despondency and sadness.

"Is it much further, Augustus, dear?" inquires Mrs. B., passing her scented pocket-handkerchief over her brow.

"My own Poppetty, why, we have not yet got half-way!"

They toil on in silence for another half-hour.

"Is that the top yonder, Augustus?"

"I think it is one of the tops, my darling," replies conciliating Mr. B.

"One of the tops. Gracious goodness, how many tops are there?"

"Sit down and rest, my pet; do look back at that lovely valley and those majestic hills, coming into view one after an'—" Mr. Billing paused. He was interrupted by the words "Majestic fiddlestick!" There could be no mistake about it; they were uttered with remarkable decision. He tried to believe it was a mountain-echo—a very curious, but still, perhaps, not impossible effect of reverberation. "I don't think I ever saw such a view," continued Mr. Billing, ignoring this acoustical phenomenon; "did you, my dear?"

"I have seen it forty times, Augustus; I have turned round to look at that view, and rest, at least forty times; I am sick of that village church and that bit of swampy—"

"Leonora, my own love, I am astonished at you! But, then, you are tired, exhausted."

"I am," observed Leonora with distinctness.

"And I daresay my pet is hungry too."

"I am starving," returned the lady sententiously; "hungry does not express my feelings."

"Then directly we get to the top we will sit down and eat the cake; but if you once begin it here, my love, we shall never get up; I am quite sure of that. How disinclined, you know, one always feels for great exertion after eating."

"Just as you please, Augustus; for my part, *I hate cake*."

She turned and recommenced the ascent; Augustus followed, repeating to himself, like one in a dream, "For her part, she hates cake."

Their arduous toil was at last brought to a conclusion; they had passed the spot where the remains of "the unfortunate Gough" were discovered beside the lonely tarn. Mr. B. had remarked upon the circumstance, and Mrs. B. had replied, she was not in the least surprised; it was likely enough that her own remains might also be found somewhere in that neighborhood.—She was almost dead with fatigue and starvation.

They traversed in some terror the narrow ridge that leads to the crown of Helvellyn, and at last stood, sublime, with the world of Lakeland lying spread beneath them. It was a glorious scene; mountain and mere on every side, and on the west the illimitable sea. Immediately at their feet descended almost sheer a verdant precipice.

"My own Poppetty," exclaimed Mr. Billing with enthusiasm, "does not this more than repay us for all our exertions? Does not this prospect seem to satisfy every yearning, every craving—"

Mrs. Billing, seated panting on a little pile of stones, pointed with half-shut eyes towards his knapsack; she had not yet recovered her breath, but the motion was unmistakable; it cried "Cake, cake."

Augustus unslung the satchel, opened it, withdrew their treasure carefully from its depths, and held it in his hand; it was not so much a cake as a prodigious currant-wheel. He placed it upon the ground, while he sought for his clasp-knife, not upon its side, alas, but edgeways. A little slope in the turf caused it to revolve, slowly, imperceptibly at first, and then—upon a combination of the principles of geometrical progression, and of One good turn deserves Another—rapidly, madly: with a despairing cry, Leonora dashed at its retreating form; but all too late; she nearly overbalanced herself over the very edge of the precipice, which it had reached and passed. Like some wild creature rejoicing to have escaped from captivity, it bounded down the steep, leaping higher and higher as it flew, until, about a thousand feet or so beneath Mrs. B., it chanced upon a rock, and split into two pieces—the one rolled towards Patterdale, the other towards Thirlmere; but neither of them was ever heard of afterwards.

"My cake! my cake!" cried Mrs. Billing, clasping her hands.

"It's gone down Catchidiccam," exclaimed Augustus ingubriously.

"Catch-it-who-can, you unfeeling wretch!" returned Leonora, bursting into tears; "a man that could joke at such a moment—"

"My own dear pet," exclaimed the terrified bridegroom, endeavoring to pat her damask cheek.

"*Mr. Billing!* Be good enough to keep your hands to yourself," was the icy reply. She rose to her feet like a queen, and without one faltering step led the way in total silence down to Grasmere.

I saw them subsequently arrive at Low Wood, and perceived at the first glance that there was something awfully wrong.

"I think, dearest, since it is so late, that we had better have a rest of much-tea, and we not, instead of it, partake dinner?"

"For my part," returned the lady, "I have had nothing to eat to-day—nothing, and never felt less inclined for [if my ears did not deceive me] slops. But just as you please, Augustus."

A minute or two afterwards, I heard the waiter order "dinner for lady and gent, in No. 24, and quick!" He gained on me still it, for his long experience of neogsms at once informed him that Mrs. B.'s suppressed was established. "A deal more has been Lost on Helvellyn," added he, "than that 'ere cake."

☞ THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.—Somebody, when asked what was the nature of the French Government before 1789, replied that it was "an absolute monarchy, tempered by epigrams." Such is still the condition of Rome. It is a theocracy tempered by "Pasquino" and "Mochario." The last word reported of these important public functionaries was uttered by them on the occasion of the Pope's intended *effiagiation*. "What will become of us poor sheep," asked Pasquino, "now that the shepherd is going to leave us?" "Don't be alarmed," replied Mochario, "he leaves the dogs behind," alluding to the French.

☞ A young man has just been convicted in London of "libel by post." Having had some difficulty with *ex* agent, he revenged himself by sending letters with addresses of which the following is a specimen: "To James Pugh, bill-stealer and forger, Rita Cottage, Knight's Hill, Lower Norwood." The joke cost him six months' imprisonment.

☞ We shall not print the list of the officers of the Russian fleet in New York; but for the information of our readers there are about twenty of's, fifteen sk's, ten ne's, besides Capt. Pyricpytoffiackachkinjiecoprood—he—has come over himself, in the frigate Periavist, Admiral Copvitoff. The New York authorities are going to give them an entertainment and talk to 'em all.—*Portland Argus.*

☞ It is very unskillful flattery to tell a man that he isn't half so big a fool as the world thinks him.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are universally admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECIPITS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

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WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NEWS ITEMS.

TALISMANIC EFFECT OF MONEY.—A young man in California, whose friends at home neglected to write to him for a long time, adopted the expedient of mailing letters to various business men in the neighborhood inquiring the price of lead and stock, and what he could buy a handsome farm of two or three hundred acres for, &c., intimating that he had large sums to invest. By return mail he received no less than seven letters, all anxiously inquiring after his health, when he was coming home, &c., and he has had three or four every mail since, including some very warm ones from an old and very cold sweetheart.

THE Nashville Union announces upon "the highest judicial authority," which it says is unquestionable, that the privilege of the *habeas corpus* has been suspended altogether in the Confederacy for over twelve months. The suspension was made by a private order from Jeff. Davis to the leading judicial officers, and has never been published. Probably not one in fifty thousand a rebeldom is aware that for over twelve months the privilege of *habeas corpus* has not existed in the South at all.

THE Agapemone, or "Abode of Love," a well-known organization in Southern England, is coming to grief under the influence of lawsuits to recover the property of persons leaving the establishment. The inmates of the place consist of about fifty rich persons, whose whole property is mingled into one fund, who live together in a magnificent house with grounds, &c., and whose whole business is to enjoy themselves in a sort of epicurean retirement from the world. The founder of this family is a Rev. Mr. Prince, who is reverenced as possessing almost divine attributes. The gentleman are not polygamists like the Mormons, being allowed only one wife—at a time; they may change wives, however; or dissolve their matrimonial partnerships as often as they please.

THERE is a story circulating in Naples that a mason there was visited in the night by two strangers who took him in a carriage, blindfold, to a strange house where he was led up-stairs and ordered on pain of death to make a hole in the wall of a chamber sufficiently large to admit a coffin. This done, a coffin was brought in, and a young lady handsomely dressed was dragged into the room and forced into it. The lid was screwed down and the coffin was walled up by the mason, who was then again blindfolded and taken to the sea beach, paid ten piastres, and told that he might tell all he knew. He did tell the police, but could not describe the house.

☞ BATTLE-FIELD NOMENCLATURE.—Chattanooga is the Cherokee for hawk's nest or eagle's nest. The town was originally the headquarters of John Ross, the Cherokee chief. It received its name from its location, being surrounded on all sides by mountains, the poetic vision of the red man seeing in it an exact resemblance to a hawk's nest. Rossville, to which our army fell back after the second day's fight, was named in honor of John Ross.

☞ We are told by persons recently from Paris, that the accomplished and elegant young men sent out by the rebel government as diners-out, and to influence opinion in French society, have been left quite without money. Mr. Slidell refuses to advance any more of his own funds, and the Northerners refuse to lend.

☞ A London newspaper has the following report:—"Mr. James Buchanan, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. James, from the United States, and afterwards President of the republic, arrived in London a few days ago."

☞ HIGH PRICES OF SLAVES.—Slaves are bringing extremely high prices in Richmond. At an auction sale made last week, one negro man sold for $3,350, and a girl for $3,250. At private sale, a girl brought $4 600, and a cook woman $3,800. The Whig says that these are probably the highest prices ever obtained in that market.

☞ To the Dutch the ladies of all nations are indebted for the invention of the thimble. The Dutch achieved this great invention about the year 1690.

☞ A piece of linen in which the famous Mrs. Dustin, of Haverhill, Mass., carried home the scalps of the ten Indians she killed near Concord, N. H., was exhibited at the late Caledonia County (Vt.) Fair, by one of her descendants, Miss Lydia J. Varnum. Delightful reminiscence!

☞ It is probable that twelve more Russian war vessels will visit New York the coming winter. Admiral Lessoffsky and all his officers have been invited to visit the great cities of the West, and a special train put at their service.

☞ Gen. John J. Knox, of Augusta, Oneida county, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage on Wednesday last. Two of his sons presented congratulatory addresses; Rev. W. E. Knox, of Rome, spoke in the name of his brothers and sisters, and Rev. Charles E. Knox in the behalf of the twenty grandchildren present. Gerrit Smith, a life-long friend of Gen. Knox, also made congratulatory remarks. The Postmaster-General also added his compliments, by sending a motion that the name of the post-office in the village should be changed from Knox's Corners to Knoxborough.

☞ BOMBARDMENT OF FISH.—During the bombardment of Port Hudson, a shell which fell into the river exploded under water, and caused such a shock to the fish that seventy or eighty rose to the surface and floated there, completely stunned. Many of them were of the largest size, and two skiffs quickly put out from the shore, and returned loaded with their piscatorial burden. As buffalo and catfish were then selling among the soldiers (Confederate) at from five to fifty dollars a piece, they proved to be a valuable haul.

YESTERDAY.

Yesterday I loved,
To-day I sorrow,
To-morrow I die,
And yet I think
To-day and to-morrow
Always of yesterday! —*Lessing.*

☞ A soldier correspondent writes from the army of the Potomac that their vegetables are gathered *after dark*, as they are considered more sophisticate when thus collected.

☞ HOW TO TELL.—You may distinguish a city man by two things—his trousers and his gait. The first never fit him, and he always walks as if he was an hour behind time.

☞ A man named Taylor, to get rid of its unpleasantness, wrote himself, "Tailleur." Meeting an acquaintance who had a very handsome dog, he asked, in course of conversation, the dog's name. "Well," was the answer, "his name was Jowler, but we have changed it for Jowleur."

☞ "I wish I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

☞ We cannot look through Christian countries without seeing that Christianity is rather the flag under which the world sails, than the rudder that steers its course.

☞ Remember always to mix good sense with good things, or they will become disgusting.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—This market for Flour is inactive. Sales comprise about 12,000 bbls, mostly extra and extra family, taken at $6@6.25 for the former, part old stock, and $6.50@7.50 for the latter; a shade superfine, which is scarce, at $5.37½@5.62½, and high grade family at $8 @ bbl. The sales to the trade are, to a fair extent, within the same range of prices for superfine and extra, and $6.50@$8 @ bbl for high grade family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce; 300 bbls sold at $6.87½@6 @ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet, and Penn's bbl very scarce; 100 barrels sold at $5 @ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is rather better, sales reaching some 45,000 bus, in lots, at $1.50@1.55 for common to good and prime red; $1.58@1.66 for choice lots, the latter for amber, and $1.70 to $2 for white; the bulk of the sales were of red at $1.46@1.50. Rye is less active, with sales of 4,000 bus, mostly at $1.30. Corn is better, and 50,000 bus found buyers at 90@91.05 for Western mixed, yellow and white. Oats are also better, and all offered, about 30,000 bus, were disposed of at 70@72c for Southern and Penn's, wight. Barley Malt remains quiet.

Malt, ribbed with iron, opens its two-leaf doors exactly opposite a vast fire-place, whose mantelpiece in the style of a roof might have covered a reasonably numerous company. Five or six trunks of trees burned on the hearth, and mingled their red glare with the crackling light of two torches. On the massive table that occupied the middle of the apartment a row of pitchers of various sizes, and a row of pitchers mo York state, the latter for choice Goshen. Cheese is selling at 13@16c. Eggs are scarce, and worth 31@32c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The receipts and stock are very light; holders have put up their prices 2@3c ₩ lb since the close of last week; sales comprise 300 bales, taken in small lots, at equal to 88@90c, cash, for middlings.

ASHES—There is a small business to note in Pots and Pearls, without change in prices.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly; last No 1 being offered at $38. Tanners' Bark is in request and commands full prices.

BEESWAX is scarce.

BROOM CORN.—The market is excited and Coal scarce; prices are unsettled and tending upwards.

COFFEE.—The market is firm but quiet; 400 bags, mostly Rio, have been taken at 29@33c, cash and time.

COPPER is firm but inactive, and Yellow Metal steady, with moderate sales.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high; sales of 6000 lbs at 55@60 ₩ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to Green Apples, which are taken more freely at $3@4 ₩ bbl, the latter for prime New York. Cranberries are dull at $10@12 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly and commands full prices. Apples are selling at 5@6c, and unpared peaches at 6@9c ₩ lb.

HAY is selling at $30@32 ₩ ton.

HEMP.—There is very little here, and the market is dull and firm.

HOPS are steady, with a fair demand at 26@ 28c for new crop.

IRON.—The market continues excited and on the advance. Sales of Pig Metal at $37@38 for No. 1; $36@37 for No. 2; and $33@35 for No. 3, cash. About 250 tons Glendon also sold at $40 @ mos. At $38 for No. 2; 500 tons Grey Forge do, at $33, and 350 tons Cold Blast Charcoal at $55, all cash. For Manufactured Iron the demand continues active.

LEAD.—Is scarce, but firm.

LUMBER.—The demand continues good, and White Pine Boards sell at $25@26; Yellow Sap do, at $22@23, and White Pine Shingles at $18 @21. Laths are quoted at $1.40@1.50 ₩ M.

OILS.—For Petroleum there is little or no inquiry, and the market is unsettled and lower; we quote refined at 49@51c in bond, and 58@65c for drips. Lards are in good request at 80@85c.

RICE is quiet, but very firm, and East India ranges at 7¾@7¾c ₩ lb, with small sales.

SEEDS.—There is some little Clover seed offering, and is in request at $7@7.50 ₩ bus. Timothy sells as wanted at $2.50@2.75, and Flaxseed at $3.10@3.15 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—There is not much doing in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum is worth 70@72c. Whiskey is inactive; bbls have been sold at 61@62c, mostly at the latter rate; hhds at 60@61c, and drudge at 58@59c.

SUGAR.—The market is inactive but steady, with sales of about 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 12@12¾c, and Porto Rico at 13@13½c; 300 boxes sold at 11¾c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW is firm, with further sales of rendered at 11¼c for western, and 12c for city.

TOBACCO—Holders are very firm in their views; sales are mostly confined to Penn's seed leaf, at 12@25c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The receipts and sales are moderate; sales of about 250,000 lbs are reported at 77@85c for low to medium and fine fleece, and 83@85c for lub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2637 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9¼c cts ₩ lb. 190 Cows brought from $18 to 80 ₩ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at 5¼c ₩ lb gross. 900 Hogs brought from $7,00 to 8,00 ₩ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN S. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ LADIES AND ELECTIONS.—The ladies took no prominent a part in a late election of a Member of Parliament for Ludlow, England, that the returning officer, instead of addressing the assembly as one of the "free and independent electors," opened his speech with "Ladies and gentlemen."

☞ A dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the specious mask of zeal for the rights of the people, than under the forbidding appearance of zeal for the firmness and efficiency of the Government.—*James Madison.*

R. R. R.

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If afflicted with Pain use the Ready Relief; in an instant you will feel better. Let those who suffer with Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Spinal Affections, Inflammation, Bilious Pains, Sprains, Sprains, Bruises, Lameness, Swellen Joints, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Burns, Scalds, apply the Ready Relief —ease and comfort will follow in a few moments.

If seized with Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Spasms, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, Diptheria, Croup, &c., use the Ready Relief 25 cents per bottle.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride, in Hamilton, Ohio, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, by the Rev. Wm. Davidson, MONTGOMERY B. ARNOLD, late of Washington, D. C. to IRENE R. 2d daughter of the late Mrs. Mary Lacetto Wurmser.

Philada. and New York papers copy.

On the 11th of May, by the Rev. A. Maeshlp, Mr. ARTHUR M. JARVIS, to Miss CHRISTIANA FRANCIS, both of this city.

On the 19th of Oct. by the Rev. John Allen, Mr. JOSEPH DERBYSHIRE, to Miss ELIZA WILLIAMSON, both of this city.

On the 15th of Oct. by the Rev. F. Church, Mr. JAMES MCCULLOUGH, to Miss ELIZABETH MITCHELL, of this city.

On the 20th of Oct. by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. THEODORE F. HUTCHINS, to Miss MARIA K. HIRES, both of this city.

On the 22d of Oct. by the Rev. Robt. H. Pattison, Mr. THOMAS A. HARRIS, to Miss SUSAN W. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 20th of Oct. by the Rev. G. A. Brooke, HARRY READ, youngest son of Geo. Read, Esq. deceased, to CORDELIA NELL, both of this city.

On the 23d of Oct. by the Rev. R. R. Perkins, EDGAR M. MASON, of this city, to ELSIE W. HENDERSON, of West Chester.

On the 23d of Oct. by the Rev. O. B. Keith, THOMAS WILLIAMS, of this city, to ANNIS, daughter of Chas. Baeder, Esq. of Montgomery county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Oct. from wounds received at Bealton Station, Va., Major CHARLES F. TAGGART, 2d Pa. Cavalry, in his 31st year.

On the 27th of Oct. JOHN WHITTAKER, in his 30th year.

On the 27th of Oct. ELIZA, wife of Jas. Hazlitt, aged 45 years.

On the 26th of Oct. Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Arthur Rodgers, aged 45 years.

On the 26th of Oct. Mrs. ROSEANN SMITH, aged 36 years.

On the 26th of Oct. MARY CREMER, aged 87 years.

On the 25th of Oct. Miss FANNY H. WRIGHT, in her 21st year.

On the 25th of Oct. CHARLES P. DARE, late Colonel 23d regt. P. V. in his 38th year.

On the 25th of Oct. JAMES BLAIR, in his 54th year.

On the 24th of Oct. LIZZIE MONTGOMERY, in her 20th year.

On the 24th of Oct. WILLIAM H. EVERLY, aged 62 years.

Cider Can be Kept Sweet for Years by Using SULPHITE OF LIME.

A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.

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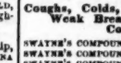

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THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR
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A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all throat, breast and lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a strengthening alterative. In Pthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, oftentimes curing the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every expedient of human skill. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. nov7-3m

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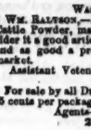

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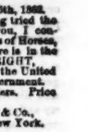

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Wit and Humor.

A WITTY IRISH SOLDIER.

There is a private in the New York 69th, on Morris Island, named Miles O'Reilly, who is a genuine Irish wit. He lately wrote some excessive poetry on military matters there, which was not considered quite re-quested by his superiors, and he was put under arrest. He immediately sent a postic petition to Secretary Stanton, which the President saw, and was so much amused with it that he sent him a free pardon. The concluding portion of Paddy O'Reilly's petition is as follows:

Och! Stanton, our great "god o' war,"
My condition is pity now see,
An' if you have got any bowels to milt
Let your bowels be milted for me,
For I come of the dayciest people
In the beautiful town of Tharles,
Where praties an' whisky is plenty,
(An' divil resayve the provost marshal we have there, at all at all, though we have the "pealeen"—and 'een to 'em—who are worse, if such a thing wer possible)—
An' they bow both heart an' knee
To men like the grim cold Admiral—
A type of the culden time!

God be good to you, Misther Stanton,
An' look kindly on me case;
An' to the man with Methusaleh's beard
An' the patriarchial face,
(I mane could Uncle Gideon,)
Just ax him to show me grace,
For which I will ne in duty bound—
If he gets me out of this place—
Do for him an' for you all that ever I can—
(Votin' sirly an' votin' often for yez both, or for either of you, if yez ever chance to be candydates in say districk or in say county where I can get widin ten rods of the ballot-box,)
An' now my name I three—
Miles O'Reilly, who wrote of the Admiral,
An' is havin' a hard cold time.

A COLD NIGHT.

In Artemus Ward's lecture on Ghosts, and which, by the way, is a ghost of a lecture, so far as ghosts are concerned, he tells of an absurd man who wouldn't have any glass in the windows—he thought the sash would be enough, as it would keep out the coarsest of the cold. This reminds a cotemporary of a story that old Parson H., of P., used to tell of his experience of the cold, on the night of his marriage. They went on' a "*briffle drave*" to his cousin's, down on the shore of Connecticut, and spent the night, which was one of the coldest of the season, and being put into a cold spare room, they suffered severely. After a while his wife asked him to get up and see if he couldn't find something more to put upon the bed. After diligent search, he could find nothing but his and his wife's clothing, which he gathered up and packed upon the bed, and got in and tried it again, but still they "grew *no warmer* very fast," and his wife begged of him to get up and search about and see if anything more could be found, and suggested that there might possibly be something in a closet in one corner of the room; so he went and examined the closet, and reported to his wife that an old fish-net was the only thing he could find. "Well, my dear," said she, "*put it on, put it on, that will tangle the cold a little.*"

"WHAT A FIX."

At a late convention, a fellow whom we will call A—— was very anxious to be nominated for Lieut. Governor. So he went around to his next friend B——, when the following conversation took place:

"Now, B——, I've got a good show for Lieut. Governor, and I want my old friends to go in for me. I hope you'll do your best."

"I did not know that you were a candidate," said B——, scratching his head and looking amazed.

"Yes, I am," said A——, "now go in *big*."

Here B——'s eyes were fixed on vacancy, and he looked very solemn. At length A—— aroused him from his reverie by inquiring what he was thinking about. Scratching his head, and speaking very moderately, B—— replied:

"I was just thinking that if you are nominated for *Lieut.* Governor, and our ticket is elected, and the Governor should die, *what a confounded fix the state would be in!*"

IN WANT OF A PLACE.—A place-hunter in Prussia, having asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric, the King expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbacy at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted in a week, and to be received into the bosom of the true Church; after which he hastened to his friend the King, and told him how his conscience had been enlightened. "Ah!" exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate! I have given away the abbacy. But the chief rabbi is just dead, and the synagogue is at my disposal; suppose you were to turn Jew?"

☞ "Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess *knot*."

☞ Thackeray defines a snob as one "who meanly admires mean things."

A SWEET PARAGRAPH.—"What is the use of living?" asked Jack Hinnicomb, the other day. "We are flogged for crying when we are babies; flogged because the master is cross when we are boys; obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men; to work still harder when we are husbands; and after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die and leave our children to quarrel about the possession of father's watch, and our wives to catch somebody else."

HAPPY TURN.—An Ottoman borrowed two sovereigns of a brother collegian, promising soon to return them in some shape or other.

"I should like to have them back as nearly as possible in the shape of two sovereigns," observed the lender, "and I trust you will not forget the old adage—" he gives twins who gives quickly.'"

"Then we are quits!" cried the borrower, instantly tossing back *one* of the sovereigns.

The Preciousness of Littleness.

Everything is beautiful when it is little—little souls, little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cosy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is for little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said: *Veni, vidi, vici*—I came—saw—conquered; but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed 310; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, because Nature deals in little, almost altogether. Life is made up of little; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.

Multum in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.—*B. F. Taylor.*

SICKNESS.—In sickness the soul begins to dress itself for immortality. At first, she unties the string of vanity that made her upper garment to cleave to the world and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer robe of lust and wanton appetite. Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down—those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapor of conceit and factious opinions. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconcilement and Christian atonement in their places.—*Bishop Taylor.*

WORST TIME FOR TAKING LUNCHEON.—Of luncheons, the worst are those taken a short time previous to the hour of rest in the evening. It is the sure way to produce restlessness and sleeplessness at night, and dullness and headache in the morning. It is, indeed, the very worst time in the twenty-four hours for taking food. It is the original cause of those late suppers, which are indulged in by many of the wealthy and luxurious, and which are pre-eminent in the list of indulgencies that shorten life. "Carlan observes that he had conversed with many persons who had lived to be a hundred years of age, and they all declared to him that they had made it a rule to eat little at night." It is like loading your horse with a heavy additional burden after he has been toiling all day, and is weakened by fatigue; or like filling up the mill hopper, when the water is nearly run out. People may tell us that they cannot sleep without this luncheon, or supper, just before bedtime; but they may rest assured that a perserving indulgence in it will, ere long, bring on that sleep which knows no waking.

☞ The true theory of woman's rights is to educate the girls thoroughly, and then let the women do as they have a mind to.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

FRIEND bets Whitlestop he won't clear that haycock. He does it; but afterwards has some difficulty in clearing himself.

NEW ENGLAND FEELING.

We find in an exchange the following incident, illustrating New England character:

Stopping for an hour at a little country station, on my way home, I saw a good illustration of New England character. A soldier and his wife came in a few minutes before the train was to leave. He was just recovering from a wound, and had had a furlough to come home to his wife and nine children. His features were pale and sharpened by pain, and he looked, as his wife said, ten years older than he was. He went out a moment, and she said to me, "I don't tell *him* so, but I never expect to see him again." She did not tell him, truly. She talked cheerfully to him and to me till the whistle sounded, and then I went away, for I did not want to see their parting. It so happened that I could not help it, however, and it was not much to see, certainly; at least for any one who did not know New England signs of suffering. No weeping, no lingering, not even a kiss; a silent shake of the hand, and he was gone—she looking after him, pale and quiet, only her shining eyes showing how deep was the pain she would not express. And so, doubtless, when she felt a little stronger, she went home to her nine children, put away her bonnet and shawl as quietly as if she had come from church, prepared the supper, and only when the house was quiet and the little ones in bed, she might have let a quiet tear or two fall on the stocking she was knitting for her soldier. It is the way of the New England women.

TO PREVENT STAMMERING.—J. T. Hassett, of Summit county, Ohio, writes to the American Agriculturist:—"When children see anything remarkable (in their view,) they are always in a great hurry to tell of it, and often the words crowd to the tongue faster than they fall from it, which induces stammering. On such occasions the parents should instantly hush the child, until its excitement is over, and then give it the privilege to make the relation calmly." This is a good suggestion. It is known that an inveterate stutterer can be cured by practising some method which requires him to speak deliberately and in measured time. Some "professors" who cure stammerers, require their pupils to beat time with the finger at each word, the same as in singing, and in this way the habit of control over the organs of speech is acquired. But prevention is always better than cure, and a little care at first will entirely break up the tendency to stammer which children often have.

☞ Men sow wild oats, and women—buttons.

Agricultural.

SALTING HAY.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says, he abandoned the old practice of putting salt on hay, as it adds to its moisture instead of lessening it. This opinion is backed with a will by a writer for the Boston Cultivator, who lays down the law, as he understands it, in the following unequivocal manner:—

"It is time this absurd custom was done away. It is beyond conception how so transparent a humbug ever got so widespread. Every particle of salt used on hay is a positive injury to it. The practice of salting hay ought to be almost as much discountenanced and discouraged as though it were an actual poison. Men will make almost superhuman exertions to get their hay up dry, and then immediately wet it with salt."

It is not surprising that foolish men write for the newspapers, and that ignorant men often set themselves up as the instructors of mankind; but it is surprising that there is such a general disposition on the part of the conductors of newspapers, to give credence and currency to the vagaries of every dunce who mistakes the conceptions of his own foolishness, for the highest suggestions of wisdom, and acts in the belief that the poverty of brain which makes him a ninny, is the normal condition of all other people.

Salting hay is to be abandoned then, according to these correspondents, because it "adds to the moisture instead of lessening it." It is a "humbug," is it, for men to make almost superhuman exertions to get their hay up and dry, and then wet it with salt?

We should like to inquire of these wiseacres, when, how, and how much, the usual quantity of salt applied to hay in the mow, adds to its moisture, and where the farmers live who make superhuman efforts to get up their hay dry, and then *wet it with salt.*

Figures of rhetoric are one thing, and figures of arithmetic are quite another. In dealing with the practical affairs of everyday life, we prefer to use the latter, for they have a basis in Infinite truth, so that it has passed into a proverb, that "figures (of that kind) wont lie."

Let us subject these statements then, to this certain test of their truth or falsity, and see what we make of this moisture theory.

Farmers generally do not pickle their hay in brine, as they do beef and pork—but apply to such as has not been thoroughly cured, from a peck to half a bushel of dry salt to the ton.

Let us take the latter, and largest quantity for our illustration, and estimate its weight at forty pounds. This will give us only a single pound of salt to every fifty pounds of hay, which is equivalent to the enormous quantity of about *six penny weights* to the pound. Now if the weight of salt had been pure water, it would not be possible to discover it in that small quantity, if carefully sprinkled in the same proportion; and therefore it is a simple absurdity if nothing else, to talk about such an application of salt, increasing the moisture in the hay.

But perhaps it may be claimed, that the salt absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, and thus injures the hay; but the folly of this proposition is as great as the first. Hay stowed in the mow, does not come in contact with the atmosphere, and every one knows that when sheltered under a tight roof in a dry barn the absorption of moisture by even clear salt from the atmosphere is hardly perceptible.

What then becomes of their new theory? Why it must and will go the way of the thousand and one other humbug assertions that from time to time go the rounds of the agricultural newspapers. It will perhaps be the means of deceiving some farmers into an increase of their quantity of musty hay, and mouldy fodder—but we trust that while experience has demonstrated so often, and so well, that the chemical affinity of the elements of common salt with the gases generated by damp hay, always exerts a beneficial effect in checking, and in preventing that fermentation by which it would otherwise be ruined; preserves it clean and sweet as it went from the field, not only without injury, but with decided benefit to the animals which are to eat it, farmers will be slow to abandon a practice which is always fruitful in good results, and which it seems to us can find advocates only with those who do not understand the simplest principles of an operation in husbandry, upon which they attempt to teach others.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CHAMPAGNE CIDER.

We annex, from a very respectable source, the following on the subject of champagne cider. The process of making a good article of cider, as free as possible from alcoholic influences, is so simple that any one who has the apples can have it in his family:

After the apples are crushed, press out the juice, put in a clean cask, and leave out the bung. It will work without anything being put in. In four or five days draw off, and put into another clean cask. Do this three or four times, allowing as many days between each changing. It does not work well in cloudy weather, and so must be left longer. If it does not fine well, it will not keep sweet. To assist the fining, dissolve six ounces of gelatine for each hogshead, and mix; do this previous to the last change of cask.

The quality of cider depends upon the sort of apples used. Two parts sour apples, and one part sweet, will make good cider.

Now observe, let there be no time lost in the whole process, but allow sufficient time to do it well. It is particles of pulp left in the cider that causes it to turn sour. To effect the proper clarifying and working, it will require four changes of cask, that is if you want first rate cider. Do not put any water in any part of the process—having all juice.

After the last change, the cider may remain in the cask, bunged up, two or three months. You can then bottle off—lay the bottles down in a cold, dark cellar. Some will burst, but then you must put up with it. It will be fit to use during the summer, when all parts of the work have been well done. The bottled cider will be equal to champagne, and will keep sweet. Some put brandy, gin, rum, or other spirits, in. It does not preserve it, but only makes it intoxicating.

If you can get pine-apples very cheap, two or three crushed up in a hogshead of juice will be a great improvement. If you keep the cider in casks, be sure that they are sound and air-tight, and very clean. Wash out with cold water, and scald out your cask; fumigate with rag of sulphur; melt the sulphur, and then dip the rag in—a piece about one foot square will be sufficient for a hogshead; light the rag, and then put in the hogshead; leave out the spile peg only. This will destroy all must or mildew, or any other bad taste in the cask.

Useful Receipts.

[illegible] were discovered beside the lonely tarn. Mr. B. had remarked upon the circumstance, and Mrs. B. had replied, she was not in the least surprised; it was likely enough that her own remains might also be found somewhere in that neighborhood.—She was almost dead with fatigue and starvation.

They traversed in some terror the narrow [illegible]

QUICK ANTIDOTES.—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water with a heaping tea-spoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half-pint of sweet oil or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

STEWED APPLES.—Make a clear syrup of half a pound of sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

SHAKER METHOD OF MAKING SOAP.—As the time will soon be at hand when persons in the country will be making large quantities of soft soap, the following method, practiced at the Shaker village, New Hampshire, may be useful to many:—"Place a shallow iron kettle, to hold from 4 to 6 barrels, just out of the wash-room, under cover of a shed. Extend half or three-quarters inch pipe for steam to the middle of the bottom, bending it to form of surface, and terminating with open end. Take another pipe to discharge cold water over the top of the kettle. Use the best quality of 'first sorts' of potash, in the proportion of 6 pounds of potash to 7 pounds of grease, for a barrel of 40 gallons. Break up the potash into small lumps, and dissolve it in, say 2 palls of hot water to 24 pounds. It dissolves rather slowly when the potash is good. When dissolved, put the solution into the kettle, add the grease quite warm, and stir the mixture together. Allow it to stand over night, if convenient. In the morning apply a moderate jet of steam until the mixture appears ropy, or rather *soapy*. Shut off the steam and open the cold water valve, stirring the mixture, as the water runs until the kettle is full, or the required quantity obtained for the materials used."

MAKING SOAP WITHOUT GREASE.—One bar of common rosin soap, one pound sal soda, one ounce borax—dissolve the soda and borax in eight pints of rain or soft water; then add the soap, and boil until dissolved, when you will have, upon cooling, ten pounds of good soap, worth from eight to ten cents a pound, and costing only one cent a pound.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 13, 9, is a fossil.
My 12, 6, 5, 7, 10, is what we sometimes find it hard to do.
My 3, 2, is an interjection.
My 13, 13, 13, is an advrb.
My 3, 11, 5, 7, is not low.
My 11, 2, 4, 13, is a lady's name.
My 4, 13, 5, 13, 9, has proved a very lucrative some piece of furniture in Uncle Sam's establishment.
My 10, 2, 13, 3, 4, 9, 2, is a town of Canada West.
My 4, 5, 4, 5, 13, 13, is a spice.
My 9, 13, 13, 4, 10, 3, 4, is a city of New Jersey.
My 6, 11, 4, 9, 13, 13, has proved to be a hard time for the army of the Potomac.
My 8, 10, is a pronoun.
My 7, 2, 4, 3, 13, is what we give to the editors of the Saturday Evening Post.

My whole is a living poet, for Americans to be proud of. M. B. ROBBINS.

Allentown, New Jersey.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 15, 5, 17, 6, 11, 12, is a short poem.
My 10, 2, 13, 11, 14, is a boy's name.
My 15, 10, 3, 1, 13, is an instrument for digging.
My 4, 7, 1, 13, is a barrel or cask.
My 9, 16, 8, is a Spanish title.
My 4, 7, 13, is an animal.

My whole are publishers.

Detroit, Michigan. JOSEPH B. MOORE.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Pennsylvania.
A city in Peru.
A city in Tennessee.
A city in Denmark.
A city in the Tyrol.
A city in Scotland.

My initials spell a city in New York, and my finals a city in Pennsylvania.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Six brothers, A, B, C, D, E and F, divided a certain sum of money in the following manner, to wit: A took $4 from the heap, and afterward the one-fourth of what was yet left. Then B took $4 and the one-fourth of what was yet left. Then C also took $4 and the one-fourth of what was yet left. Then D also took $4 and the one-fourth of what was yet left. Then E and F each took also $4 and divided that which still remained equally among themselves, when it appeared that D's, E's and F's shares were all three alike. The question in this problem is: what sum of money had they thus divided? and what was each brother's share?

Pennsylvania. PERCIVAL JARRETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between the proud owner of a crack span of bay horses and an honorable gambler? Ans.—One *pets his boys*, and the other *pays his bets.*

☞ What is the difference between a sheriff recovering a stolen bed-tick and a mosquito in a hospital? Ans.—One *seizes the tick*, and the other *leaves the sick.*

☞ Why is a lumber-wagon like a year in the Arctic regions? Ans.—Because it has no *spring* to it.

☞ Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? Ans.—Because it's a "*tip-top*" apple.

☞ Why is the letter "T," in the alphabet, like your nose? Ans.—Because *it goes before* (*u*) *you.*

☞ Why is a certain Ex-Governor of Massachusetts (or late U. S. Revenue Commissioner) like a convalescent soldier? Ans.—Because he is a *Boutwell*, (*about well.*)

☞ Why is the present war in America like a chair? Ans.—Because it's a *stern necessity.*

South Bend, Ind.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—An honorable peace. ENIGMA.—Wit and Humor. RIDDLE.—Cotton. CHARADE.—Napoleon Bonaparte. (Nay-Po-Leon-beau-nay-part.)

It is impossible to give an answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published Aug. 22d. E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Morgan Stevens, Iowa.

Answer to PROBLEM, by D. Diefenbach, published Sept. 19th. A had $76 and B $12. E. Hagerty, Md., H. W. Fletcher, Ills., A. Martin, Pa., and Morgan Stevens, Iowa.

Answer to PROBLEM, by H. Eastward, published Sept. 19th. The three diameters are 33, 107, 44.143, 55.177—diameter of the circle touching the three 6.577. E Hagerty and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM, by Augustus, published Sept. 26th. 436½ cubic inches. E. Hagerty, Morgan Stevens, and D. Diefenbach.

☞ It is found that the women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph. The only difficulty is to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.